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THE ENGLISH REVIEW

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JUNE, 1924

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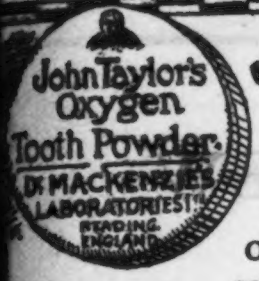

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THE
ENGLISH REVIEW

JUNE, 1924.

Correspondence

Under the Socialists

To the Editor of THE ENGLISH REVIEW.

SIR,—The international aspect of Socialism has not received the attention it deserves. The natural increase of population is material to this question.

Bernhardi, in *Germany and the Next War*, published in 1911, puts the case thus:—

"Strong, healthy, and flourishing nations increase in numbers. From a given moment they require new territory for the accommodation of surplus population. Since most of the globe is inhabited, territory must be obtained at the expense of its possessors—that is, by conquest."

Socialism has other ideas. Karl Marx, the apostle of Socialism, tells us that, after the convulsion which is to destroy Capitalism, "individual property will again be established, based on co-operation and common ownership of the earth and of the means of production produced by Labour."

As is usual with Socialists, Marx ignores political economy when it does not support his views, and might as well never have heard of Malthus. Malthus has shown, and his contention, though frequently attacked, has never been shaken, that population will inevitably, under natural laws, increase beyond the supply of food, unless checked by war, pestilence, or famine. It appears, therefore, that in the paradise promised to us by Socialists we must all starve together or else fight it out like the famous Kilkenny cats.

Our Government, by admitting aliens to the dole, have invited foreign Governments to unload their undesirables upon us. These are already swarming into the country. Our Government have also handed over to Germany eight millions a year on account of reparations, and by dropping the McKenna duties take work from our men and give it to their rivals. The Government are good Socialists but bad Britons, and the sooner they are thrown out the better.

I had hoped that all parties would have combined to defeat Socialism, but late events show that this is not to be; so for the fight we must depend upon Conservatives, non-Socialist Labour, and Abstainers.

The old contest between Free Trade and Protection need hardly stand in the way. New factors have appeared, and Mr. Baldwin's

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speech on May 2nd at the Albert Hall meets the case, to my mind, and I am, and have been all along, a Free Trader.

The Opposition requires to have a Labour policy. British Labour is by no means entirely devoted to Socialism, and I judge that some support may reasonably be expected from them.

No unions are more thoroughly under the Socialist thumb than are those of the sheltered trades—builders, railway and transport workers, dockers and miners. The Socialists have encouraged the rapacity of these unions; they have grasped the fact that none have greater facilities for getting money from those that have it. In these trades the wages are out of all proportion to those in other trades. The Socialists claim the result as due to the application of their principles. Other trades look forward to an equally rosy future. Few of them know enough to understand that it is only the absence of foreign competition that makes these big wages obtainable. Still less do they understand that these big wages absorb money that would otherwise come to them or else reduce unemployment.

If the Socialists had their will they would force up wages so high that not only would unemployment become worse, but exports would be so checked that we should not be able to pay for our food imports. What would be our fate then?

The folly of Socialism requires to be made clear to the working classes, and I am glad to see that the Primrose League is taking up the matter; it is a matter best kept clear of politics, for it is purely an economic question.

To make Labour thoroughly acquainted with the position will take time; meanwhile, we shall have strikes, and our Socialist Government will see that the strikers do not get the worst of it. Delay is dangerous, and I think it would be safe to take the offensive, provided that it was limited to the sheltered trades, for the absurdly high pay that these get causes some discontent in other trades.

I would suggest the following policy in respect to the sheltered trades:—

(1) Repeal of Trades Disputes Act.
(2) Forbid political levy, as in Captain Ainsworth's Bill.
(3) Organise boards to regulate wages in accordance with equivalent work in other trades.

Our labour might also receive protection from the influx of undesirable aliens and from Free State Irish. Thus the invasion by foreign Socialists would be prevented, and competition for work and for houses would be diminished.

It would also be well to ordain that none but the British born should have parliamentary or local franchise, or should receive the dole or any payment from Government or local funds. Further, the employer of anyone not of British birth should be required to have a licence for the same.

The limited policy outlined above would require less preparation than a general attack on Socialism, which would be at once howled at as an attack on Labour.

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that welfare will not be obtained under the guidance of our Socialists, in whom patriotism is dead and who admittedly sacrifice the interests of our own people to those of their German friends. Socialism is so great a danger to the nation that in fighting it the co-operation of no one willing to join in the fighting should be refused. Former opinions or mistakes should not be allowed to stand in the way. If voters are willing to whitewash politicians, politicians may reasonably be asked to whitewash former opinions of their own that are in the way, and to make effective warfare against Socialism their supreme object.

Yours faithfully,
J. C. L. CAMPBELL.

Achalader. May 6th, 1924.

Lord Astor on Local Option

To the Editor of THE ENGLISH REVIEW.

SIR,—Speaking to the Charity Organisation Society recently, Lord Astor stated that "generally the advocates of a reformed public house were those who got profits by the sale of intoxicants." It was not a trade journal, but the London *Evening Standard* that, in commenting on this statement, said: "There is only one word—and that a slang one—with which to characterise the statement. . . . It is 'cheek,' pure, unadulterated, unmitigated cheek." I am reminded of this on reading his lordship's article in your March number.

Lord Astor lectures his own political party because, although supposed to support religion, it is the only party, he declares, which on licensing questions opposes the legislative policy of the Temperance Council of the Christian Churches. But is temperance the only thing the churches are asking for? Is drink the only thing the churches condemn? What is Lord Astor's position? There are two things the churches are always preaching against—betting (gambling and horse-racing), and the desecration of the Sabbath by, among other things, the selling of Sunday newspapers. Is Lord Astor prepared to dissociate himself from horse-racing or the Sunday Press, to bring himself in line with the best opinion in the Christian Churches? It is all very well to lecture others for putting themselves in opposition to the policy of the Christian Churches, but in face of Lord Astor's position in regard to these other two matters, one can only say that it affords another and a striking instance of what the writer in the *Evening Standard* described as "unmitigated cheek."

Lord Astor wishes to give a majority of persons who care to vote power to prevent the minority from having facilities for obtaining the beverages they desire. Does he think that, if the majority desired to prohibit horse-racing, or meat-eating, they would be justified in doing so? Does he agree that all racing should be stopped and all people prevented from attending race meetings, because some people unfortunately gamble and bring ruin upon themselves and their

DECORATORS GUIDE

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SURFACE	WHAT TO USE		
INSIDE	TO PAINT	TO ENAMEL	To VARNISH or STAIN
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WALLS (Plaster or Wallboard) AND CEILINGS	**Matone** Matt, washable oil finish. White and 37 colours. **Matroil** Washable water paint, in White and 32 colours. **Dremel** Non-washing distemper. White and 24 colours, in powder to mix with water.	**Exilac** Easiest-working White Enamel. **Polar** White Enamel of good colour and gloss. **Pompeian** Enamel finish at paint price. White and 31 colours.	**Bergelac Varnish** Made of specially-selected ingredients of guaranteed purity, and properly matured in tank.
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RADIATORS	**Permanoid** Silver finish. No unpleasant odour. Stands heat, and keeps always bright.	**Berger Radiator Enamel** White and colours. Stands heat without cracking.	
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families? Does he think that they should have the power to stop by legal enactment the sale of Sunday papers?

Whether I drink a glass of bitter ale, or a glass of lemonade, or read *The Observer*, is a personal matter, and as a democrat I claim that I should have personal liberty to decide for myself the character of the drinks and literature I wish to purchase.

As *The Church Times* reminds Lord Astor, he is a very simple soul and his child-like faith in the wickedness of all brewers is really touching. If you are for him and his temperance policy, you are on the side of the angels, but if you differ from him you can only be on the side of the devil.

He considers that the trade in private hands seeks to push the sale of drink, and is a bad thing; that any increase in the sale of drink is necessarily bad, and that the trade organisation is corrupting our political life. But does it follow that any increase in the consumption of alcoholic beverages means more drunkenness, or excessive drinking? Surely this does not follow. Some time back one of the Labour M.P.s, speaking in the House of Commons, pointed out that, owing to the greatly increased price of beer, he was drinking half a pint per day only. No one would suggest that he ever drank to excess, and he could double his consumption and still remain strictly moderate. My own case and that of thousands of working people is similar. If beer were cheapened, it is true we could and probably would drink more, but I deny that that is necessarily an evil to be prevented, or that it would mean more drunkenness. There are certainly much worse drinks than beer.

Lord Astor denounces the trade because it seeks by advertisements to increase the sale. Referring to an advertisement of gin at Piccadilly Circus, Lord Astor recently said: "You are not going to tell me that that blinking advertisement is intended to diminish the public demand for London gin?" Of course, no one would contend any such thing. It undoubtedly will increase the sale of London gin, and if I drank gin the persistent advertising of A's gin might lead me to try that of B's instead; but I doubt whether twice the amount of advertising would persuade many to drink gin who did not already drink it. But, assuming that advertising accomplishes what Lord Astor contends, it is a fair question to ask what of the liquor advertisements which did, at any rate until recently, appear in the Sunday paper with which Lord Astor is connected? If Lord Astor is not in favour of prohibition, it is, I think, a fair assumption to conclude that it is the excessive, as against the moderate, use of such beverages which he desires to prevent. His suggested remedies, therefore, must submit to this test. How far will they prevent excessive drinking? Judged by that test, I think they fail. In view of the fact that drunkenness is rapidly declining, that sobriety among all classes is increasing, I venture to say that it would be possible, without destroying private interest, to eliminate practically all drunkenness, certainly all drunkenness created by the public house. As far as drunkenness in the home is concerned, Lord Astor's suggestions would do nothing to prevent that. The licensed victualler, in spite of his interest to increase his trade, realises that those interests

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are best served, not by encouraging, but by discouraging, excessive drinking. His proposals would not prevent his lordship from obtaining such liquors for his guests; they would not inconvenience any person with a cellar, but they would inconvenience thousands of moderate drinkers whose source of supply is the local public house.

I believe Lord Astor ridiculously magnifies the political influence of the trade. The fact is that no trade has been beaten and badgered by political parties more than the licensed trade. The success of Lady Astor's recent measure has been hailed as a victory in face of trade opposition. That Bill was carried, I believe, with ten votes against it. Need more be said? Both Lord and Lady Astor are persuaded that the trade is anxious to drive them from public life. It is always the hated "trade." Lady Astor thinks everybody else loves her and takes her at her own valuation. She conveniently ignores the fact that, in Plymouth alone, over 6,000 Labour voters did their best to keep her out of Parliament.

Yours, etc.,
THE MAN IN THE STREET.

Cancer and Meat Diet

To the Editor of THE ENGLISH REVIEW.

SIR,—As an ignorant member of the public, and only sincerely seeking, with others like myself, for enlightenment upon one of the vital questions of the day, I have read with deep interest Major J. B. Paget's article on "The Health of the Nation" published in the March number of THE ENGLISH REVIEW.

It seems clear that Major Paget is in agreement with Dr. Bell, whose opinion and experience he quotes, that meat as an article of food is not only unnecessary and even undesirable, but that it may have a direct bearing upon the present-day increase of cancer.

If this can be absolutely proved, then who among us, in our earnest desire for a more effectual campaign against this terrible disease, will not whole-heartedly follow the lead of these men, even to the complete revolutionising of our national diet?

Nevertheless, there are a few points which may cause some of us, in reading Major Paget's article, to doubt and hesitate. Granted that it seems proved beyond all doubt that cancer is a disease of civilisation, also that it seems to be increasing as our modern conditions are changing; but how do the following points tally with the condemnation of meat as an article of food?

I. We have eaten meat from ancient times onward.
II. Under the beneficial and health-preserving Mosaic Law, the Israelites were not only permitted, but commanded, to eat meat.
III. A joint of meat is one of the few articles of food which cannot be adulterated.

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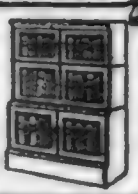

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IV. Without flesh-food a people like the Esquimaux would surely find it impossible to exist.

Should we not, therefore, instead of trying to eliminate meat from our diet, rather concentrate our attention upon those things which we did not have in time past, but which modern conditions have brought us?—some of these being:—

I. White starchy bread.
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This will not, one fears, be an easy task. Even if medical opinion should be unanimous on the evil of cigarette smoking and should organise a resolute campaign against it, there would be the whole of the tobacco-growing, the tobacco-selling, and the tobacco-smoking world in opposition.

The prejudice in favour of white starchy bread also dies very hard, as witness the collapse of the "standard bread" and "stone-ground flour" boom of a year or two before the war, and the consequent disappearance of much excellent bread which was made at that time. Not necessarily "brown" or "wholemeal," but so-called "white," or rather a darkish cream colour, tasting of the corn, and even nearly resembling the home-made bread of the eighteen-thirties, so affectionately described by the late Sir Albert Pell in his Reminiscences:—

"The bread was nutritious and infinitely better than the white, sapless thin slices cut from some scientifically prepared loaf. In the 'thirties one got a 'hunch,' cut off a huge bulging loaf with the mark on its base of the bricks on which it was baked and with the healthy smell of the wood-heated oven from which it was drawn, 'Rolling mills,' 'Hungarian whites,' baking powder, and aerated preparations satisfy a generation which nowadays goes in for colour, or for unsatisfactory substitutes."

Perhaps if and when we are brought face to face with what our present-day civilisation involves, there may be some hope of a return to this happier and more wholesome state of things.

M. E. Hayes.

Long Wittenham, Berks. April, 1924.

THE
ENGLISH REVIEW

The Cloud in the East

When Elijah's servant viewed, at his bidding, the expanse of heaven, he saw on the far horizon a cloud no bigger than a man's hand. Even so, those who now scan the political boundary of human vision may discover at the point where, like sea and sky, the present melts into the future a like indication of distant storm. Peace is the need of the war-racked nations; peace is the word ceaselessly on the lips of politicians. As Canaan was the Promised Land of milk and honey, even so is the future prophesied by these political seers to be the realm of peaceful joys. But, grim with the menace of giant conflict in coming time, the claims of Asia throw their shadow over America and the vast ocean which washes its western shores.

Not yet—happily for us of this passing generation—are the factors of the problem involved fully developed, the problem of how to reconcile Asiatic aspirations and Asiatic needs with the fixed resolves and the economic structure of the white peoples of the earth. But even now the mutterings of the gathering tempest, the rolling of the far-off thunder, are plainly heard. For of Asia Japan is the present champion, and Japan is at this moment filled with fierce resentment of the insult which she believes herself to have suffered in the practical exclusion of her people from the soil of the United States. That some kind of adjustment, some temporary *modus vivendi*, may be found by President Coolidge and his advisers is to be hoped and even expected. For the day of final settlement has not come, and until it comes the appearance at least of amicable relations between East and West must still be maintained. But just as we should be foolish to stand

appalled already at the prospect of a crash which may conceivably (though not certainly) be long postponed, so should we grievously lack wisdom if we failed to see the immensity of this threat to the future peace of the world, and, so failing, ignored the need of measures to meet it.

The truth is that there is hardly a question of current interest upon which this great world issue has not a bearing. Most of all, and most obviously, it affects labour, and especially British trade unionism. In Australia, for instance, as in England, rates of wages have been built up through combined action, both political, in the shape of votes, and economic, in the form of strikes, which are out of all proportion to the actual productive capacity. That is to say, members of what are called skilled trades have frequently received remuneration far in advance of that accorded to those termed unskilled, although in some cases these last could be taught in a month to be equally efficient. Recently, indeed, in this country the position has been to some extent reversed. For the skilled trades have come into contact with external competition, that is, with the lower-paid work, the longer hours, and the greater individual production of foreign nations, and in the result we have the necessity of employers to discharge hands and consequent unemployment. Simultaneously and anomalously, we see the strange phenomenon—already made the subject of wide comment—of the advance of the unskilled towards or even beyond the scale of payment hitherto prevailing in the case of the skilled. This rise is due to causes purely artificial, and no prophetic insight is required to foresee that in the long run it cannot be maintained. But—and here is the point—into whatever part of the wide territories in which the English speech prevails Asiatic and, more particularly, yellow labour shall succeed to any large extent in entering, there, like a hot-house swept by a cyclone, the whole structure of uneconomic wages upreared by the trade unions will of necessity come crashing about their ears. How can white labour, with its shortened hours of work, its high pay and, in Britain at least, its fatal "ca' canny" policy, preserve its artificial advantages when matched against Chinese or Japanese, with their enormously lower standards of living? Even in the United States, where production is about

two and a-half times greater per head than it is here, yellow competition could never be faced, while in Australia and in this country it would be instantly overwhelming. Thus, apart from all other motives, the most elementary instincts of self-preservation must keep the doors closed against what, if they were opened even slightly, would soon become a rushing stream of Asiatic immigrants.

But, strong as may seem, and as indeed are, these motives for exclusion, not less compelling are the causes which drive the yellow peoples forth from their ancient continent into the Western Hemisphere and the British Dominions in the southern seas. Their population swells, while their food-supply is fixed. The old theory of Malthus as to the cause of war receives fresh illustration. For Japan her birth-rate is no stinted tide. It is as a mighty force, and as the promise of her future, impelling her to conquest. She is instinct with the desires and the ambitions which formerly possessed successive nations of Europe, and still control the soul of the German people. For the effort to obtain world hegemony is no new thing. In the sixteenth century Spain went far towards its attainment, until the sea-power of England, inspired by the genius of Francis Drake, barred her road to victory. In the sequent ages France trod the same bloodstained path and was foiled, like Spain, by the fleets of Britain. And perhaps to England, but for the rebellion of her American colonies, might have fallen, almost without her intent, the sceptre of universal leadership. In our own time, with a cruder savagery than any previously known to history since the days of Tamerlane or Jenghiz Khan, Germany has striven to reach the same goal, and in that endeavour has strewn the world with dead. Now Japan, less brutal far, but with an aim not very dissimilar, looks forth into the arena and stays only for the moment when she can strike. But that moment is not yet. Across her way lies the great American Republic, with its hundred millions of inhabitants, its prodigious manufacturing power, and its incomparable wealth. Therefore Japan must wait, wait until, not by conquest, but by penetration, she shall have exploited China and brought some part at least of its vast potential wealth within the reach of her own grip—wait until she sees her way, not to fight only, but to win.

But while Japan thus looks for the day when she can burst the gates that still restrain the millions of Asia from pouring into the immense and often unpeopled spaces grasped by the white man alike in the temperate and in the tropical regions of the earth, we, the English, loosen our hold on India and, with a fatuity and a moral cowardice rarely paralleled in the known records of the human race, prepare to abandon the great task, the mighty trust, which in that Empire the dead past has confided to the living present. Here, in a paradox as strange as any which history presents, democracy, shouting "self-determinism," is swiftly making ready a glorious gift for Japanese autocracy. In the sacred names of all the little tin gods to whom Mr. Lloyd George and his friends offered oblations during the Great War, we are abandoning—as Mr. Wyatt showed in his article in our last month's issue—over three hundred millions of human beings to the wildest anarchy and bloodshed, limited only by the certain prospect of the entry of Japan upon the scene so soon as, if not before, we shall have finally quitted it. (The decision not to build the proposed dock at Singapore entails in reality the surrender of our power to defend India against such attack, while the United States, without the help of that base, are too distant to intervene.) Already Japanese agents have long been at work in Hindustan, and no opportunity could be conceived to be more welcome, no chance more alluring, than that which, in the madness of our gratuitous folly, we are offering to the children of the Rising Sun. When that opportunity is taken, when the declared goal of the Government of India Act, namely, the bestowal of "full Dominion status," has been attained, then indeed the Babûs and the Congress Wallahs will find a master at last. Where we are alleged—unhappily, falsely—to have chastised them with whips, the Japanese will veritably lash them with scorpions. India will become a second Korea, and the whole apparatus of foolery, the "Dyarchy," the Provincial Councils, the All-India Assembly, created by Mr. Montagu and Lord Chelmsford, will be metaphorically relegated to a museum. Thus will Japan be saved the necessity of delaying to move until the perhaps distant moment when she can take the field (or the air) against America and the British Dominions. We

shall enable her to fill up the time of waiting with the acquisition of an empire.

These gigantic certainties, which, as regards India,* are contingent only upon the continuance of our present policy, stare at us across the face of the world. They are so manifest that it is difficult for any reasoning man to deny their menace. Yet it is not the fashion to mention them. It is considered nicer to " pretend "—to pretend that they are not there. Really, we in England seem to be assimilating some of the characteristics of the Chinese.

But unless these actual certainties can be, not merely asserted, but shown by solid reasoning, to be delusions, the unspeakable feebleness of the League of Nations becomes immediately apparent. Probably, its most thoroughgoing adherent, even Lord Cecil himself, would hesitate to affirm that it could affect the terrific question, already discussed, of the inundation of the realm of the white man by Asiatic emigration. Is it conceivable, for instance, that under any circumstances, the United States would consent to submit the Monroe Doctrine, with all that it stands for, to international arbitration? Or, again, is it thinkable that the British Dominions would be willing, if the League decided against them, to accept an award which would virtually involve their national annihilation? But, if not, where is the use of " pretending," like children at play, that things are as they are not—that the Geneva jurists can control the mighty issues of peace and war, or can alter by one iota the underlying factors whence those issues emerge? The disciples of the League of Nations have sunk to a level of reasoning so low that their usual attitude towards those who presume to point out these, or other like glaring facts is to have resort to abuse and to call the critics lovers of war. Such methods of controversy are worthy only of persons who eschew reason altogether. We recognise the need of peace for England, for the British Empire, and for all mankind as clearly as any Leaguer, and we deprecate the horror of war and the possible shattering of civilisation as fully. But not on

* The only other foreseeable cause which might prevent India from becoming our residuary legatee in India is the development of some new invention, possessed of such powers as are alleged to inhere in Mr. Grindell Matthews's " Death Ray," and capable of revolutionising all war and therefore all political conditions.

that account do we refuse to face the world conditions which must govern the future destinies of man. At this terrible period of human history the prating of our politicians about the establishment of universal and everlasting peace is patter—and nothing else. It creates a suspicion that it is really inspired by a desire, by means of reckless disarmament, to save money for "social reform," that is, for purchasing, through the depletion of the wage fund by rates and taxes, the votes of the proletariat at the next General Election. We find it difficult to imagine any policy more opposed than this to the duty owed to the nation.

We have spoken of the cloud in the East and the threat which it casts as its shadow over the earth. But unless we all remain wilfully blind, we cannot fail to perceive the existence of yet another prodigious peril which the League of Nations is equally powerless to avert. For the intentions of a people, as of an individual, are shown, not by their words, but by their acts, and the acts of Germany evince a fixed resolve to plunge Europe into further conflict. She is stated to have violated practically every article of the Treaty of Versailles dealing with the restriction of armaments. She has reconstituted, in defiance of such prohibition, her great General Staff. She has increased the number of men under military training far beyond the limit imposed. The whole empire is alive with societies and organisations which have the bestowal of such training as their *raison d'être*. She is ceaselessly experimenting with new kinds of murderous gases, of machine-guns, and of tanks. That one paramount necessity of the Allies in the war, the necessity to "prevent Germany from doing it again," has not been fulfilled. At this moment the presence of the French in the Ruhr is the one great deterrent which keeps her back—and that deterrent our policy and much of our Press seem to wish to remove.

Current Comments

Enemy Damage

SINCE publishing Mr. Esmond Harmsworth's article last month on the subject of uncompensated damage to civilians by enemy action, we have thought it advisable, pending the formation of an organisation to represent the interests of all claimants who have so far failed to obtain satisfaction from the Government, to investigate the position of British civilian claimants in France and Belgium.

British Claimants in France and Belgium

IN our next issue we shall publish a statement representing the position of British sufferers in France, followed by a memorandum stating the facts as regards those in Belgium. It is the easier to obtain such information inasmuch as the British communities in those countries were naturally organised, and have worked together with the common object of securing from the British Government some degree of compensation comparable with that promptly given to French and Belgian sufferers by their own Governments.

Justice There. Injustice Here

WE shall not, therefore, attempt to anticipate in detail the statements which we shall so shortly publish. It is for the moment sufficient to say that the result of our enquiries on the spot, in which we have had the assistance of both the French Government officials and the heads of the British Chambers of Commerce of Lille and Brussels, is greatly to strengthen the case made by Mr. Harmsworth against the British Government. We will not at this stage draw any comparison between the pecuniary awards to British residents in France and Belgium and those received (or not received) by claimants in England. In one important respect, however, the British Royal Commission, shamed doubtless by the action of the French and Belgian Governments, did concede a privilege to British subjects in those

countries which it unjustly refused to claimants at home. It authorised, and accepted, as a basis for compensation, the assessment of their claims by the French and Belgian Tribunals, so that a claim for 1,000 francs, or 1,000,000 francs, became an irrefutable warrant, as a basis at least, for compensation. It is obvious that, without such a measure of elementary common sense, thousands of claims, totalling many millions of pounds, could never equitably be discharged either on the basis of 1*s.* or 20*s.* in the £.

It is equally obvious that the sole reasons for according this privilege to British claimants in the countries named were that the Commission would have found it too humiliating to refuse to Englishmen such a reasonable and businesslike protection as was being accorded to their French and Belgian neighbours, and also that they were well organised communities able to press their claims with that unity of purpose which gives strength.

French Action

In contrast with the disgracefully supine attitude of the British Government, that of the French had, by April 17th, 1919, passed a comprehensive law dealing with the whole question of compensation for enemy damage. For our present purpose it is only necessary to quote the first and second articles of this law in order to illustrate the contrast between the attitude of the two Governments in respect to precisely the same question:—

"Art. 1. The Republic proclaims the equality and the solidarity of all Frenchmen in respect of the burdens of the war.

"Art. 2. Ascertained damages, material and direct, caused in France and in Algeria to property, immovable or movable, by acts of war carry the right to complete compensation, imposed by Art. 13 of the law of December 26th, 1914, without prejudice to the right of the State to reclaim payment from the enemy."

British Action

The British Government, with truly Lloyd Georgian ingenuity, after appointing a Royal Commission to diminish claims to a mere fraction, or to nothing at all, reserves to itself the right, as we showed last month, of claiming in full against Germany.

A civilian, for example, loses his leg, or his house, and claims £1,000. He receives possibly a hundred or two for his leg; for his house possibly nothing. But the £1,000 claim remains to swell the Government's demand against Germany, while, no matter what may some day be received, the unfortunate claimant will get no more.

The French Government commenced to pay full compensation to individuals five years ago upon what is generally conceded to have been a reasonably fair basis, and the French nation, in accordance with Arts. 1 and 2 quoted above, takes its chance of obtaining restitution from Germany. France has even paid the claims of companies the capital of which belonged entirely to British subjects, provided only that the companies were registered in accordance with French law. Morally, of course, the British procedure is contemptible in comparison with that of the French.

In pleasant contrast with the universal dissatisfaction amongst claimants in England is the testimony both in France and in Belgium to the unfailing courtesy, sympathy and promptitude with which British claims have been dealt with by the commercial department of the British Embassy in Paris and the commissioner specially appointed to deal with Belgian claims.

Mr. Lloyd George's Reason for Injustice

It is not difficult to discover the reason why Mr. Lloyd George did not think it worth his while to follow the same line of elementary justice and humanity. The sufferers in England from German "frightfulness" were not only comparatively few in numbers but so scattered and unlikely to combine as to count for nothing in votes. If, for example, Wales had been devastated by the Irish Republican army, is it conceivable that the sufferings of his compatriots would have been so light-heartedly ignored?

In regard to those of our own people who suffered from German air raids, it would be absurd to blame the Royal Commission for failing to achieve the impossible, *i.e.*, to satisfy claimants with a grotesquely inadequate sum of £5,000,000. Its fault has lain in its methods, which we described last month. It is quite clear that if a succession of Governments can distribute hundreds of

millions in doles, the just claims of those civilians who endured real and measurable damage by enemy action must be met. No clauses in the Treaty of Versailles, or any other of the tricks and quibbles by which certain officials of the Treasury demonstrate their ingenuity, must stand in the way of such a simple act of justice as has been promptly (to our shame) discharged by our principal Allies.

The French and German Elections

The European situation, of which the ultimate outcome will be the preservation or the destruction of civilisation, is mostly reviewed in the superficial spirit known to home politics as that of the Tapers and the Tadpoles, but its rapid changes must produce in the minds of observers a feeling akin to that of the dwellers in a Swiss valley when an overhanging glacier has begun to move and threatens their annihilation.

In Germany the elections have given power to the most dangerous reactionary forces pledged to resist acceptance of the Dawes Report, by which the hope at least of European unity of policy was so lately engendered, while in France the appeal to the voters has resulted in the accession to power of a Radical-Socialist majority assumed to be in sympathy with that of our own Socialist Government. Thus a situation which none but the most visionary believers in the efficacy of words rather than of deeds could expect to resolve has apparently been thrown back to the care of enfeebled plaintiffs, willing to accord a judgment debtor all the rights and privileges of an irreproachable defendant.

Simultaneously the debtor finds his hands strengthened to the extent that he is encouraged to adopt an offensive rather than a defensive attitude. Such undoubtedly will be the immediate result of the political eruptions in Germany and France. So many unknown and unforeseeable factors may emerge, even before our next issue appears, that it is with the greatest diffidence that we venture upon any forecast as to the outcome.

A Poincaré Policy Indispensable

Our efforts to gauge the best informed opinion in Paris and Brussels, necessarily extremely difficult, since at the time of writing opinion has not yet crystallised into anything definitely expressible, result in the view that the situation is not immediately as hopeless as it appears.

M. Herriot will prove himself in many respects as unlike Mr. Ramsay MacDonald as M. Poincaré. The greatest tribute to M. Poincaré is the fact that M. Herriot, or any other Frenchman who aspires to lead France, must, in essence, adopt the Poincaré policy as regards Germany almost *au pied de la lettre*. In this M. Poincaré spoke for France. He was France. Whoever follows must do likewise, or fall.

An extraordinary electoral system of block voting on the one hand, and on the other M. Poincaré's single-minded devotion to the great question of reparations rather than to internal affairs, has brought about his downfall, while vindicating absolutely his reparations policy. In this respect it may be said that "*plus que ça change, plus c'est la même chose*."

M. Poincaré was defeated by the South, notoriously the most unstable and the most selfish section of the French electorate. To these M. Poincaré's measures to restore the exchange and to balance the Budget by the imposition of necessary and much-belated taxation meant nothing but personal penalties, to which, however necessary in the national interests, they were not patriotic enough to submit. Thus when in a few months the new Government finds itself in possession of a surplus similar to that accruing to Mr. Snowden, and as little attributable to his policy, it will, like Mr. Snowden, be in the happy position of distributing largesse to the electorate (like the 4*d*. off tea), a form of bribery for which democracy has an insatiable appetite.

Possible Dangers

At the time of writing, nothing is certain as to the Cabinet which will be formed after June 1st—not even whether M. Herriot will be Premier, or M. Millerand will remain President. For the moment the opinions which M. Herriot expressed after his visit to Russia, favouring, like Mr. MacDonald, immediate recognition, are conveniently dropped, and he has strongly emphasised the necessity of maintaining and even strengthening the Entente.

It would, however, be useless to conceal our fear that the possible advent to power of such men as M. Marty, who, to put it mildly, was lenient towards the Bonnet Rouge conspirators, of M. Malvy, the leader of the Black

Sea Rebellion, and of M. Caillaux, whose amnesty is regarded as certain, could not do otherwise than lower the repute of the French Government and imperil the mutual confidence upon which alone the Entente can rest. M. Caillaux, in particular, is violently anti-English, had more than doubtful relations with Germany, and is burning for revenge against the displaced parties who took the drastic step of banning him from public life.

While M. Herriot and nine-tenths of the new Chamber are irrevocably pledged to maintain as firm a reparations policy as M. Poincaré himself, we have authority for the view that the only result of obstruction or threatening tactics on the part of the new German Government would be even to stiffen the French attitude as defined by M. Poincaré, a result probably entirely unexpected by our Socialist pacifists. The only difference to be feared is that, while M. Herriot will not, or dare not, be less brave in words than M. Poincaré, he may prove to be less reliable in deeds and more inclined to share Mr. MacDonald's faith in methods of amiable persuasion.

The Belgian View

SHOULD such a situation arise, as the result of German obstinacy, the only hope is that which we understand to be held in Belgian official circles, namely, that even the new German Government, under strong pressure from America and all the Powers, will not yet feel herself able to stand again *contra mundum*, and will make some show of at least temporary submission to the scheme of the Dawes Committee. Nothing, however, can be more certain than that, if Germany is not confronted with the united determination of all the Allies to enforce the recommendations of that Committee, she will seize the first opportunity of dividing and defying them.

"Mechanicalisation" of the Army

A CERTAIN amount of criticism is being brought against the War Office for not "mechanicalising" the Army. In reply the Chief of the Imperial General Staff, Lord Cavan, has stated that the military authorities, far from neglecting this task, are giving it their most earnest attention, but are determined to have the best designs before they embark upon a complete change in the Army's organisation.

It is the habit of Englishmen to take a long time in making up their minds before they embark upon any radical change, but, when once they have come to a decision, they are apt to proceed with a reckless rapidity which is usually impolitic and invariably leads to unnecessary expenditure. During the late war mechanical inventions made such enormous strides that it is not surprising that a school of thought grew up in the Army which came to the conclusion that the wars of the future would be fought by machines rather than by men. To act, however, with undue haste upon such a supposition would be a dangerous policy. Tanks, for instance, can no doubt capture a position, but it is the infantry who must hold it. "The man in warfare must always count for more than the machine." In our own particular case, too, there are many possible battle-grounds where it has still to be proved that it is feasible to supersede the old forms of locomotion by machines. There is little doubt, therefore, that the Army Council is acting wisely in not allowing itself to be rushed by irresponsible enthusiasts into a root-and-branch change in our military system before it has decided on the best means of effecting that change. It has to consider every penny it spends. It cannot afford to make mistakes. But because it is proceeding with caution, there is no reason to suppose that it is doing nothing. Last year an experiment was made in supplying a brigade of artillery with mechanical "dragons" instead of horses. A further trial is to be made with these machines this year. The next step presumably will be to supply infantry battalions with mechanical transport, but whether or not this transport should be of the "caterpillar" variety, or on wheels, is a matter upon which opinions differ. The main points which have to be borne in mind are that the objective in war is still the enemy's armed forces and that troops must be concentrated and brought into action with the utmost rapidity and the minimum loss of man-power. Success therefore may perhaps depend upon the mobility and mobility and striking power of the infantry.

Ireland Again

As we predicted last month, the Irish Boundary Conference, which was in session at the Colonial Office at the time of writing, ended in failure. A brief official announcement was made to the effect

that the two sides had failed to reach an agreement, and since then speculation has been rife as to the next step to be taken. Mr. Thomas, in the House of Commons, has announced the intention of the Government to carry out Clause 12 of the Irish Treaty in the letter and in the spirit, despite the firm and oft-reiterated determination of the Government of Northern Ireland not to appoint a representative to serve on that Commission. It would be interesting to know, and indeed we think the public has the right to know, what Mr. Thomas meant when he said that Clause 12 would be carried out in the letter and the spirit, because to those who have studied the meaning of Clause 12 and the relevant statements which have from time to time been made concerning it, it appears as if the letter and spirit are irreconcilable the one with the other. The letter says so and so, but the spirit in which the clause was drafted, if we are to judge by the utterances of some of those who were responsible for it, indicated pretty clearly that what was meant was a delimitation of frontier and not a cession of territory. It was made as clear as noonday by Mr. Lloyd George, at the time the Boundary Commission was included in the Treaty, that "the rights of Ulster will be in no way sacrificed or compromised." The late Mr. Bonar Law, speaking of the 1920 Act, declared that "if ever the Ulster people considered that anything was settled, and settled for ever, it was the boundaries."

The late Michael Collins, however, in February, 1922, informed Sir James Craig that Mr. Lloyd George had given him a private assurance that "the Boundary Commission would not deal merely with the boundary line, but that the transfer of a large portion of Ulster's territory would be involved." A promise of that kind was typical of the man who made it, but he made it without calculating the results and by overlooking or forgetting the provisions of the 1920 Act, which gave Ulster autonomy and specified in clearest detail the territory over which the Ulster Government was to have jurisdiction. Mr. Lloyd George had evidently also forgotten, when he made that worthless promise, his own letter to De Valera of a few months earlier, in the course of which he said "it (the Irish settlement) must allow for full recognition of the existing powers and privileges of the Parliament and Government of

Northern Ireland, which cannot be abrogated except by their own consent. . . . I have to inform you that we adhere throughout to this principle, laid down by yourself, and cannot consent to any alteration of our boundary except by mutual agreement, failing which, in respect of any territory in dispute, the boundary to stand as defined in the Government of Ireland Act, 1920." If, as we understand, Mr. Cosgrave at the Colonial Office Conference last month took his stand on the Lloyd George promise to Michael Collins, and demanded huge slices of territory, it is little wonder that the two sides failed to reach an agreement. The Free State demand was not for delimitation but for annexation, and it is not along that road that peace is to be found or justice done. Ulster having been granted her territory by the 1920 Act, after making the sacrifice of the three counties of Donegal, Cavan and Monaghan in order to reach a final settlement, takes her stand on that Act, and Mr. Cosgrave and his colleagues might as well try to compel the sun to stand still over the banks of the Liffey as to coerce Ulster into the surrender of half her territory, including the historic towns of Derry and Enniskillen.

Ulster's Offer

But the situation is not without hope. While he is determined to have nothing to do with a Commission, Sir James Craig is prepared, as he has all along been prepared, to discuss with representatives of the Free State Government any minor adjustments of the boundary which might be mutually advantageous. At the luncheon of the Ulster Association in London on May Day, and on subsequent occasions after his return to Belfast, Sir James Craig has announced his willingness to meet Mr. Cosgrave without a Commission to see whether the Collins-Craig pact cannot be made to take the place of the Commission. The agreement reached between Sir James Craig and Mr. Michael Collins was as follows:— "The Boundary Commission as outlined in the Treaty to be altered. The Governments of the Free State and of Northern Ireland to appoint one representative each to report to Mr. Collins and Sir James Craig, who will mutually agree on behalf of the respective Governments on the future boundaries between the two." The fact seems

to be that it is only along some such lines as these that a settlement can be reached. Up to the time of writing, Mr. Cosgrave has maintained silence with regard to this offer. He has his own difficulties, financial and otherwise, to contend with, and may be taking his time, but it is an offer which demands an answer. Mr. Thomas would be well advised to explore all the avenues which this offer by the North opens up before he takes the precipitate step of appointing the chairman of a Commission which legal opinion seems to agree cannot function. It is an offer which shows the willingness of Ulster to reach a settlement, and it is one which gives Irish statesmanship a chance of settling the difficulty and of bringing peace to the whole country. A grave responsibility for the consequences which may follow a refusal of the proposal will rest upon the shoulders of those who persist in making impossible demands and of introducing into the realm of practical politics such stuff as dreams are made of. Irish statesmanship ought now to seize the opportunity.

The Press Campaign Against Mr. Baldwin

THE virulent campaign of detraction and misrepresentation which is being directed against Mr. Baldwin by a certain section of the Press that professes to represent Conservative opinion is, to say the least of it, curious. Mr. Baldwin is the elected leader of the party, and yet nothing is being left undone by the newspapers in question to depreciate his powers of leadership and to diminish his political prestige. It is not particularly difficult to see the end to which this persistent disparagement of the late Prime Minister is being directed. It is a continuation by certain of our newspaper magnates of the policy by which they assisted so much in wrecking the Conservative Party's prospects of success at the last General Election. It is a carefully organised attempt to drive out the present Conservative leader and then to resuscitate in some form or other the old Coalition. The enthusiastic support given by these gentlemen in their various newspapers to Mr. Winston Churchill at the recent bye-election in Westminster amply justifies this conclusion. Now it is more than probable that in the future—possibly the near future—some working arrangement will be brought about

between the Conservative Party and the more moderate Liberals, in order to combat the Socialists, much the same in character as that between the Conservatives and Liberal-Unionists in the early days of Mr. Gladstone's Irish Home Rule campaign. But a working arrangement of this kind does not mean a fusion of the two parties—indeed, nothing would be more likely to prevent the establishment of such a sensible *entente cordiale* as an attempt to reconstitute the Coalition. Still more calculated to defeat the object in view is this underhand manœuvring in the Press to get rid of the present Conservative leader. Mr. Baldwin has yet to prove himself a great Parliamentarian and a great party leader, but, nevertheless, he represents more fully than any other statesman at the present time the views of the bulk of the Conservative Party, whilst his courage and singleness of purpose have undoubtedly won for him the affection and respect of his followers.

Self-help for High Prices

What is the only real cure for unemployment has been declared repeatedly in the editorial columns of The English Review, and it can hardly be stated too often. That remedy is to increase production by means of the overthrow of trade union limitations and through the adoption in all manufacturing pursuits of the system of payment by results. But since to apply this medicine to our industrial woes is at the moment absolutely impossible, as the Socialism which is their cause is now regnant in Britain, we may reasonably inquire whether, pending a return to sanity on the part of people and Parliament, there are any palliatives of distress which an oppressed public might be able to find. We think that there are—as, for instance, in an effective combination of farmers for the purpose of retailing their own goods to customers and thus obtaining for themselves what would otherwise be the profits of the middleman. We find also another and excellent example of what might be done by this sort of self-help in the Association of Coal Consumers, which is a "combine" of householders and others to supply themselves with coal direct from the collieries at the lowest possible prices. The saving of members of the Association

is stated to average from 2*s*. to 5*s*. per ton. Such a result is equivalent to the offer of really valuable aid to a mass of toiling and struggling individuals. The address of the Association is 11, Bedford Square, W.C.1.

Dominions and Foreign Affairs

THE thought-provoking article by Mr. Clement Jones, C.B., which appears in our EMPIRE SUPPLEMENT this month under the heading of "The Dominions and Foreign Affairs," not only gives a valuable account of the gradual development of the mechanism for associating the Dominions with the United Kingdom in decisions regarding the foreign policy of the Empire, from the first Colonial Conference of 1887 to the present time, but expresses certain definite opinions as to the manner of future co-operation in this sphere. Mr. Jones does not think that any new machinery is needed. "We have already got the machinery for running our Imperial consultations," he says. "The blue prints of that machinery are all in the cupboards of the Cabinet offices at 2, Whitehall Gardens; the *personnel* to work the machinery is there; there, too, are all the records and reports and statistics, and even the operating costs of the machine when it was in use in London and Paris and Washington. The Secretary to the Cabinet has only to pull a lever and the engine will start running again." In his view it is settlement of the principles of Imperial foreign policy which seems to be the real *desideratum*, and this, he thinks, is far more important than the question of erecting an Imperial administrative machine. Many will doubtless disagree with Mr. Jones's rejection of the proposal for a new permanent Dominion Secretariat in London to serve as a link between Imperial and international conferences, but it is hardly possible to quarrel with his statement that the creation of such a body is primarily a question for the Dominions themselves to decide. One suggestion we should like to put forward is that an endeavour should be made to make the Diplomatic Service more representative of the oversea Empire than it is at present. If a considerable proportion of its *personnel* were recruited from the Dominions—would it not be possible to attract some of the Rhodes scholars into the Service?—so that in

the course of time the list of British Ambassadors and Ministers included the names of a number of men born in parts of the Empire other than Great Britain, this should tend to maintain the confidence of the Dominions as to the reality of their participation in the direction of the foreign policy of the Empire, and would probably do a great deal to prevent the growth of sentiment in favour of separate representation of the Dominions at foreign capitals. It would have the additional and most important advantage that in time there would—to give an example—be a Canadian trained in the Diplomatic Service of the Empire, and therefore well grounded in its general foreign policy and the views of the various self-governing components on particular problems, available as British Ambassador to Washington. In circumstances that can be readily imagined this would be of inestimable benefit.

Education of Mr. MacDonald

NOTHING is more remarkable in connection with the advent of the Labour Party to office than the rapid advance which actual touch with affairs has wrought in the education of its chief. If Mr. Ramsay MacDonald can only maintain his present rate of progress he seems likely soon to become a sensible, level-headed man, aware of the realities of the world, and entirely cognisant of the ineffable absurdities of Socialism. In a recent newspaper utterance he has declared his perception of the danger of a new world war, his opposition to "sympathetic" strikes, his recognition that "liberty is far more easily destroyed by those who abuse it than by those who oppose it," and, finally, his contempt for those (principally, of course, members of his own party) who pretend to despise levée dress. Listen to him: "A tattered hat and used tie, a tone of voice and religious repetition of Marxian phrases, may be as indicative of a man who has sold himself to appearances as is the possession of a ceremonial dress to enable him to attend ceremonies which are historical parts of his duties." We all say, "Hear, hear."

The unfortunate thing is that this great improvement in intelligence is not in the least shared by the Socialist Party at large. Indeed, whenever some exceptional speaker mixes a grain of sense with his speech to a Socialist

meeting he is nearly always met with a shout of "You're a traitor to your class." That is the charge which is quite certain to be hurled at the present Prime Minister by the great mass of his own followers throughout the country, simply because he shows signs of common sanity. Should they win the next General Election, their present leader will doubtless meet the fate of Kerenski in Russia—and be "scrapped."

The Real Truth

Is it not time that the real truth about Germany, as it is seen and known by all those conversant with the facts, should be made public property and recognised as being as certain as the approach of death? Her present Republican form of government is a mere piece of mocking pretence, devised for the sole purpose of hoodwinking the world. The German soul is unchanged and is filled with the one fell intention of revenge. The force which is able at any moment to seize control is the army, which has the whole strength of German nationality behind it. Since the war the Germans have been incessantly studying the art of aviation, and there is reason to believe that they have secretly contrived to have a great fleet of aeroplanes at their disposal. Nothing stands between Europe and a new German attempt to dominate it except the armaments of France. Were Mr. Ramsay MacDonald to succeed (which is luckily in the highest degree improbable) in persuading the French to lay those aside, we should have the fresh outrage directly, on the most gigantic scale and with the most savage and murderous methods. London and Paris would then be almost instantly destroyed.

Rendcomb College, Cirencester

By Noël H. Wills

If Henry Fielding had chanced to be living and writing at the present day, it is possible that the history of Tom Jones would have undergone considerable modifications.

Sufficiently human to be convincing, beset by humorous difficulties, inoffensive to a Victorian idealist, and always likeable, Fielding's hero might nowadays have delighted modern opinion by overcoming all opponents and obstacles and securing the hand of his Sophia without the necessity either for the fact or the discovery of his being well-born. Where ancient lineage and tradition are found to unite with brains and character, and are, perhaps, revealed by the limelight on a public career, it may well be that we are too apt to make deductions confusing cause and effect; the prominence of a few such isolated examples and the strong contrast afforded by the more conspicuous human "failures" encourage the traditional view, and make plausible a still common error.

Rendcomb College was founded in the belief that the true aristocracy among men is in reality simply an aristocracy of brains and character.

That there is nothing new or original in this idea is obvious enough, since clearly it goes back to civilisation's dawn when leadership and paramount influence depended, not merely upon physical strength and prowess in arms (since any man is weak by comparison with the larger animals, and at any rate is easily subdued by a group of his fellow men), but, as they should depend now, upon intelligence and character in support of physical strength and as the directing force behind all corporate activity. Society has gradually undergone many changes, has become artificial and, always desiring a ruler, has fairly recently in its history drifted into the dual worship of heredity and mammon, while, still more recently, it has become dissatisfied with both these authorities. It has, in

fact, begun to wonder if some of the good things which it used to assign to heredity were not more properly attributable to opportunity, and has been puzzled by observing that many of the greatest benefactors to the human race appear to owe little or nothing to wealth. Rendcomb's claim to originality, then, rests not upon an idea, but upon the fact that what was before merely a theory has been put into practice, that a fundamental belief in the power of opportunity and environment has been actually brought to the test.

It is one thing to assert that the son of an artisan or labourer may enter life with physical and mental equipment no whit inferior to the natural endowment of the child born to the highest social conditions; it is one thing to cite opportunity and the "cultural inheritance" as being the chief agents of subsequent inequalities; it is quite another thing, and I believe a new thing in actual practice, to take elementary schoolboys (with all their varying antecedents), and with them boys of "gentle" birth, and place all together, on terms of absolute equality in a boarding school. The difference is just that which exists between theory and practice, and the question "does practice justify the theory?" is precisely the question which Rendcomb College is endeavouring to answer.

For reasons into which I need not enter, I am a spectator of this educational experiment. Originally conceived upon certain definite lines, the school has, like all really living forces, proved too strongly dynamic to develop along the exact course marked out for it in the first place. As a mere spectator, I am clearly aware of changes which would naturally be less apparent to those in daily contact with the school life, and I may accordingly indulge in a freedom of comment which would not be possible to those who are intimately associated with that life.

The school stands well up on the side of a hill at a little distance from the main road running between Cirencester and Cheltenham. The position is a naturally beautiful one. A park, containing some fine old trees, surrounds the house, and slopes down to a lake and a trout stream. No categorical description of the country is necessary. The charm of the Cotswolds is just the charm of a very choice piece of rural England. The house itself

is a very large and rather aggressive pile, built of Bath stone, and was completed as a luxurious family dwelling in the year 1865. The rooms are spacious, lofty, and light, and the architect has succeeded in trapping the maximum amount of sunshine. The interior equipment has given rise to some criticism about parquet flooring and schoolboy boots!

If some of the undoubted advantages of a public school are aimed at for Rendcomb boys, the house and immediate surroundings suggest particulars in which the public school house-master's methods are certainly not followed. At Rendcomb the boys use the front door as a matter of course; the rooms in which they live and work and sleep are the best in the building. (They are not relegated to an institution-like annexe at the back of a "private side.") The plants and flowers in the garden bloom for them, not for the exclusive benefit of a house-master and his family.

For the boys, in a word, are all the pleasant adjuncts to life which the place can provide. Inevitably the problem of utilising the income from endowment in the most advantageous manner possible has precluded the possibility of any considerable expenditure upon furniture and equipment; but in spite of a general simplicity, it is remarkable how successfully the uncompromising bareness (which many people must associate with schools) has been relieved by thought and care for details.

Pictures adorn the walls, and are to be found even in class-rooms. Inexpensive examples of some of the best modern poster work (surely a thriving and vigorous form of art expression in the present day), as well as reproductions of classical masterpieces, give colour and interest to the rooms. Flowers are to be seen in the library and on the dining-tables. Music, also, is available to the boys: good music to which they may listen, as well as the embryonic kind in which they learn and take part; and the pianos, I am glad to say, are fairly sound instruments —not the dismal apologies so often considered "quite good enough for beginners," but which actually retard progress and thwart any possible recognition of fine quality of tone. Clearly it is felt at Rendcomb that the few simple embellishments to life, which adults seem to require as

matters of course, ought most emphatically to be provided for the benefit of the young, and all the more so in cases where the home life of the holidays is deficient in these advantages.

It is one of the objects of the headmaster (Mr. James H. Simpson), of Mrs. Simpson, and, indeed, of all the staff, to make Rendcomb not merely a school, but a home as well, and the pleasant cosiness of a sitting-room or master's study appears to be as readily accessible to the boys as their own "lockers."

To the boy who comes from a comfortable, even a beautiful, home, the dreariness and dinginess of many a boarding school is a terrible affliction; the bareness, the positive ugliness, the characteristic school odours (compounded of dust, stale cake, and damp footballs), are depressing to a degree, and their one advantage lies in a stoicism begotten of evils which must be suffered in silence.

Should it chance, however, that the home life itself is somewhat drab, colourless, and restricted, is there not the greater need that the school should give a wider, more varied outlook, and make some provision for the æsthetic side of nature, which may be none the less real and insistent in its appeal because in so many cases it is latent and ill-nourished?

Homes of luxury combined with spartan education have in the past produced results so apparently satisfactory as to disarm criticism of the *régime;* yet up to the present little organised effort appears to have been made to balance spartan homes by providing in schools an atmosphere of homeliness, simple comfort, and those very opportunities for the development and expression of taste which the homes themselves may have lacked.

It is, once again, the function of education to make such opportunities; the function, indeed, of civilisation to provide the rising generation with scope for development in every attribute and every relation of life which is usefu' and beautiful and a worthy contribution to human progress.

When opportunity comes to the favoured few alone, how small an advance can be anticipated.

But when every child in the land is born to a generous and goodly educational heritage, with what confidence we

may then look for the yet far-off blessings of brotherhood and goodwill.

Individual efforts may do something for a relatively small number of children, and the cause of education in general may benefit a little from every piece of serious pioneer work. But the whole problem needs to be attacked on a truly big scale, such as was suggested in a recent number of THE ENGLISH REVIEW advocating the formation of National Boarding Schools.

This great scheme would utilise some of the vacant "stately homes" and unoccupied country houses and, removing children from overcrowded urban districts, set for them a fair course in conditions at once healthy and attractive.

Probably nothing short of national machinery could put this big idea into effect: in which case it is to be hoped that national education would also gain an impetus of courage and wisdom to carry it safely beyond the dangers of stereotyped methods and "wholesale" regulations, which too often put a period to initiative, experiment, and research.

If Rendcomb should appear to some minds to be pursuing a path too idealistic to be practical, I may here remark that it has recently been inspected by the Board of Education and has been placed upon the list of efficient schools.

So much for the mere setting. The really important thing—the spirit of the school—is infinitely difficult to describe, for the reason that it is so totally different from that with which most people are familiar as to provide little common ground for comparison or contrast.

The headmaster (if he will forgive a personal allusion) moves through the school, not as a group of "subjects" personified, not as a stalking Nemesis, not as a vague, distant, critical influence, but as an intimate and personal friend to every boy, understanding and sharing the interests of each, and, above all, showing the boys how to understand themselves, their duties to themselves and to each other, as good fellow-citizens of a really beautiful democracy.

Mr. Simpson is a psychologist. In the atmosphere of frankness, free discussion, and ready sympathy which he

has created, there is no place for fear, nor for anything mean, which is generally the result of fear. In a free and natural life the boys grow and develop amazingly. There is no attempt to force them all into the same mould; rather, every possible encouragement is given to enterprise and initiative. There is no tradition of real or assumed "boredom" in the attitude towards work; no shame-faced reluctance to admit interest. Work is fascinating, vital. Excellence in some branch of it is prized at least as highly as any athletic distinction. Work and games are abundantly worth while. Neither is the former rewarded by prizes, nor the latter by colours. The need for such does not exist, for the stimulus is found in quite other directions. The Rendcomb boy would not understand a bribe: I think he would feel insulted by it. Thus are certain customs excluded from tradition in the making.

As regards the curriculum, an outstanding feature is the headmaster's adoption of Greek as the one ancient language for study. Compared with Latin, not only is Greek felt to be the better mental exercise, to possess the finer literature, and show perhaps the higher philological value, but its reflection of an ancient art and civilisation at their zenith, and the long vistas of its copious mythology are found to be particularly well calculated to appeal to boys in their first fresh and eager appetite for the historical, the romantic, the beautiful.

Speaking of the boys as a whole, I think the characteristic which has struck me most forcibly is their naturalness—their utter lack of self-consciousness, and that, in spite of improvement so marked in some cases as to seem inevitably the result of calculated effort; inevitably, until one reflects that, in youth, speech and manners and point of view are modified continually and automatically by influences brought to bear upon the most plastic and sensitive thing in the world—the child mind.

Space forbids my writing in detail of the many-sided activities of the school; of the school "meeting"—a form of limited self-government; of the physical training (to which great attention is given by the headmaster), the scouting games, theatricals, field club, magazine, and school shop (run by the boys themselves), to mention a few only of the institutions.

In conclusion, however, I should like to remark that the headmaster has secured in his staff unity of effort and the embodiment of a great ideal.

The endowment provides for some forty free-place boys, but the governing body has recently decided to open the school to a limited number of fee-paying boys as well.

It is hoped that some boys may succeed in winning scholarships at the universities, in which case the school intends to make a grant sufficient to enable them to take up such scholarships and, with all due economy, to maintain the careers of undergraduates; that in this way the benefits of higher education may be available to those who show outstanding intellectual qualifications.

If the foregoing brief remarks should prove of interest to any educationist, I feel sure that Mr. Simpson would welcome any enquiries about the school, which may be directed to him, or (by arrangement) any visit of inspection.

To my question, "Has Rendcomb's practice justified its theory?" I firmly believe that a band of happy and useful citizens, possessed of energy, wide sympathies and mutual understanding, is going shortly to supply the answer.

The Palestine Problem

By C. R. Ashbee

FRIENDS of mine in Palestine are anxious that I should make some further reply to Mr. Herbert Bentwich's article in the April number of THE ENGLISH REVIEW. I will do so briefly, for, indeed, there is little more to say.

Mr. Bentwich has met my criticisms of political Zionism with several graceful *tu quoques*, with quotations from Hudibras, from Matthew Arnold, and from the ex-Kaiser; he has reiterated the appeals on behalf of the Jewish colonies, whose excellences I never called in question, he repeats the old *clichés* of the "empty land of Palestine," and the "right" of the poor oppressed Jews to possess their "own ancient land," he gives us a rhetorical quotation from the Prime Minister, from which nobody would dissent, cites an array of Christian divines that would dazzle, though not necessarily convince, a British jury, and ends with a human—almost tearful—touch, the quotation of a poem by his son, the Attorney-General in Palestine, written on the field of battle. With the sentiment rather than with the scansion of this piece I entirely agree. It is all very pretty, but it is not convincing. Mr. Bentwich, in short, employs every art of the veteran advocate who does his best on behalf of a bad case for which he has a sentimental and commendable attachment.

The only reply is an appeal to common sense. We must keep our attention firmly fixed upon the essential facts, the simple right and wrong of it. I endeavoured in my article in THE ENGLISH REVIEW of March, and also in the last chapter of my *Palestine Note Book*, which Mr. Bentwich honours me by quoting, without, however, dealing with the thesis it sets forth, to make clear certain fundamental points. I claim that Mr. Bentwich has not met them, and that he cannot meet them. They are these:—

The bitterness of the British "non-Jewish" official, and of the native Palestinian, is due to the fact that Zionism is not what it seems, or what it pretends to be. I made, among British officials, an exception of those who still held the strict and old-fashioned Hebraistic attitude

as to the fulfilment of Biblical prophecy in Palestine. I tried to show that, whatever the value or outcome of Biblical prophecy might be, we were not, as British administrators, justified in committing injustice in order to accelerate its fulfilment. I drew a distinction between the true and the false Zionism, and sought to show that the weakness of the latter lay in its proprietary treatment of the Deity. I showed that, in addition to its religious pretensions, in which the majority of thoughtful men no longer believe, political Zionism offers historical formulæ which appear to be untrue, and, further, in actual practice in Palestine, it has sought to make good its position by methods that are economically unsound. I pleaded that the only way out of the dilemma in which we found ourselves in Palestine was either evacuation or a frankly British, impartial, non-sectarian administration, and that the latter was more consonant with our political traditions. I do not think that Mr. Bentwich has really faced these issues, and I believe that they contain principles with which political Zionism is fundamentally irreconcilable.

One or two minor points in Mr. Bentwich's reply may be commented on. In the matter of "concessions," and the particular concession, that of the Jaffa port, to which I alluded, Mr. Bentwich, perhaps wisely, leaves Camarina alone; he merely calls me to task for introducing the name of Sir Herbert Samuel and the latter's statement that his hands were tied by the Mandate. To this, which Mr. Bentwich calls an absurd story, I have but to say that I have it from a high authority, and if at any time Mr. Bentwich would like to know who my authority is, I shall be happy, in confidence, to inform him.

Another point: Mr. Bentwich speaks of the British Palestine Mandate as being a "tremendous act of self-abnegation." It may be so. But to me and others who are not Jews it appears obvious that, in all cases where interests other than English conflict with English interests, England should put Englishmen in control. In Palestine this has not been consistently done. As a result of our attempt to administer by methods incompatible with British tradition, we may be faced with consequences unforeseen and disastrous to Jewry itself.

No Englishman, sympathetically interested in Palestine, would deny the great good that may come to it from

the Jewish colonies. What we fear is the reaction upon them, among the population of the country, of specifically Jewish control in Palestine, and we foresee that this control, as advocated by Mr. Bentwich and his friends, is likely to injure if not destroy the colonies themselves by forcing an issue which, under frankly impartial administration, would not arise.

And it is here, on this very point,—the preferential treatment of Jews in Palestine—that Mr. Bentwich's advocacy of political Zionism so pitifully breaks down. Readers of THE ENGLISH REVIEW, and all who are interested in seeing that justice is done, will do well to keep their attention fixed upon it. For the injustice is not in the granting of this or that concession. The injustice is in the Mandate itself, and Mr. Bentwich had better re-read it, if he can, from a non-Jewish angle. The country is to be administered (says the Balfour Declaration) in the impartial interests of all. Yes (says the Mandate), but preferential treatment is to be given to Jews. Let him, for instance, in reference to Clause 4 of the Mandate, ask himself how he, a Jew, would feel if the *Imperium in Imperio* which the Mandate says "shall be set up in Palestine," were an exclusively Arab and not a Zionist Commission. Sir Herbert Samuel was of course quite right in making the remark which I attributed to him. His hands are tied. They are tied by the Mandate, for *the injustice is in the Mandate itself*. And there will be no peace in Palestine until this injustice is righted.

Mr. Bentwich says, "There are still gentlemen abroad who like to indulge in the mediæval sport of bear-baiting, and in Palestine it takes the pleasant form of setting Arab against Jew, the feud—if feud there be—being almost exclusively of outside origin." If Mr. Bentwich means this statement to apply to those English officials who have, under singularly trying conditions, given ungrudging service in the hope of making the Holy Land a heritage for all rather than merely a Jewish preserve, his statement is not only untrue, it is unjust and ungenerous. If he does not mean British officials, whom does he mean? What he says is true only in this, "the feud—if feud there be" is due to the pretensions of political Zionism. The majority of British officials who have lived at the heart of things in Palestine, and not viewed them merely like Mr. Bent-

wich, through rose-coloured glasses at a distance, will bear this out. If that is not enough, I recommend a study of the Inquiry into the Jaffa riots.

The last point which I want to make is this: Mr. Bentwich in his reply—again it is the advocate who speaks—is perpetually talking of Zionism and, in juxtaposition to it, of anti-Zionists. To do this is but a childish burking of the issue. In Zionism many of us believed, and still believe. In political Zionism, some Englishmen—I for one—when we first met with it in Palestine, also believed and had great hope—believed until, from first-hand experience of its workings on the spot, we found it to be unworkable. It is unworkable because (*a*) it is repudiated by the vast majority of the people of Palestine, and can only be carried out by force; and (*b*) because it is antipathetic to the Englishman with his sense of justice and fair play. To call Englishmen "anti-Zionists" because they have now from practical experience arrived at this conviction is merely silly.

But may we not plead for a wider view of the whole question? May not all this disingenuous and political flim-flam be brushed aside? The question is one of the union of Eastern and Western civilisation, and as such of what is to be the position of Jews and non-Jews in the Holy Land. Sir Herbert Samuel once quoted to me the phrase: "Internationalism is only attainable as a result of satisfied Nationalism." I doubt whether we are all agreed as to what Nationalism really means, or whether we know ourselves. But this, I think, is certain. If the Jews are right in basing upon Nationalism their claim for control in Palestine, the 85 per cent. of the population of the country are more than justified in doing likewise. It is the Jews—Mr. Herbert Bentwich and his friends—with their ill-advised political propaganda, who have raised, and are responsible for the whole issue. It is they who have taken a great idea and degraded it to political ends. They must not be surprised, therefore, that others, whether they be Palestinian non-Jews, or impartial British administrators, accept them at their word and say, "If that is what your idealism amounts to—preference to a minority and sectarian dominion—we are not with you, we must try something else."

The Letters of an Englishman

A Tory Squire

By Charles Whibley

ROBERT SMITH SURTEES, the only begetter of Jorrocks, could not have been born outside the British Isles. None but an Englishman could have refused resolutely to have been a professional writer, and yet have secured for himself a gracious immortality. The French are incapable of making such compromises with their destiny or talent. They must be, each one of them, all of a piece. If they take to literature, literature must be at once the staff and the labour of their life. Surtees was a dozen things—a country squire, a master of hounds, a farmer, a politician, and a justice of the peace—before he was a writer. And the peculiar success which he attained could have been attained only by one for whom life was more important than letters, and who wrote down the results of a varied experience with the ease of an amateur, with the skill and insight of a natural observer.

So remote was he from the profession of letters that he could not bear to see his name in print. This country squire went somewhat reluctantly down into the pit, and even when he was there he was still hopeful that he might escape notice. "We may say," he wrote in *Hawbuck Grange*, "with our excellent friend Peter Morris [Lockhart] that, 'if putting our Christian name and surname at the beginning of a book were necessary conditions to the dignity of authorship, we should never be one while we live.' Like Peter, 'we want nerves for this. We rejoice in the privilege of writing and printing *incognito*, and think with him that it is the finest discovery ever made.'" There are few to-day who feel the need of the defensive armour of anonymity. Fewer still whose books have given pleasure to thousands are able to elude the curiosity of those that come after them. But Surtees, whose career

was a paradox, remains paradoxical after his death. It is little, indeed, that we know of him, and Mr. E. D. Cuming, author of *Robert Smith Surtees* (Edinburgh: Blackwood's), with the best intentions in the world, has done no more than lift a curtain which fate and the passage of time has hung, impenetrable, between him and us.

In truth, when I had finished reading the book I knew little more of Surtees than I was able to guess before I began to read it. Yet, although Surtees seems to have had a natural gift of secrecy, although he passed unknown through life and left but a scanty record of himself behind, he was the author of *Handley Cross* and other works, which might have afforded Mr. Cuming the materials of (or at least a suggestion for) a portrait. And here Mr. Cuming has lost a chance. He makes no attempt to estimate the worth and character of Surtees' novels. If he mentions one or other of his works here and there, he does but mention it, and I cannot but think that the life of Surtees remains still to write. That he deserves a critical recognition need not be disputed. For many of his own class and kind he represents the whole art of fiction. I have known two sensible, intelligent men who said and believed that the only works necessary to a gentleman's library were the novels of Surtees. Lockhart had a just appreciation of him, and reviewed him at length in the *Quarterly*. With Thackeray he was on terms of friendship; the two men exchanged books and compliments with evident sincerity. On the one hand, Thackeray praised, as well he might, Surtees' skill in characterisation, and Surtees actually asked Thackeray to illustrate *Mr. Sponge's Sporting Tour*. Thackeray declined the opportunity on the wise plea that he drew only for his own books, and was "indeed not strong enough as an artist to make designs for anybody else's stories." And he closed his letter with a few lines of honest praise. "Mr. Jorrocks," he wrote, "has long been a dear and intimate friend of mine. I stole from him years ago, having to describe a hunting scene, with which I was quite unfamiliar, and I lived in Great Coram Street once, too."

But let us forget for a moment, as Surtees himself very often forgot, that he was a writer, and recall some of the other parts that he played in life. He was, essentially,

a man of his time, who delighted in the pursuits which engrossed his contemporaries. He was a sportsman and a master of hounds. He loved "the sport of kings" with as constant a heart as did Jorrocks himself. Some will think that he gave to the word "sport" a narrow interpretation. For him the word meant hunting and shooting and fishing. He was never enthusiastic about horse-racing, and he held, as was said in the prospectus of his *Sporting Magazine*, "that prize-fighting, bull-baiting, and cock-fighting were low and demoralising pursuits." If that were his opinion nearly a hundred years ago of the prize-ring, what would he say to-day, when the prize-ring is what is vulgarly called a "business proposition," and when the champions think less of their stout hearts and cunning hands than of the hundreds of thousands of pounds, and the world-wide cinema rights, which will reward the few seconds which they deign to spend in the ring? If we may believe in the accuracy of his portraits, he had, indeed, a grave and serious expression of countenance, and thus resembled many of his hunting contemporaries. I once knew an old sportsman who had been a friend of Whyte-Melville. I asked him what Whyte-Melville was like. He replied simply: "He was a melancholy man." A melancholy man, too, was Surtees, if his portraits do not belie his character.

Being a country gentleman, alive to the responsibilities of his position, Surtees could not avoid an interest in politics. This interest he sustained, in spite of disillusionment, and though he stood for Parliament but once, it was not for lack of pressing invitations, and he did his best to support the cause of Toryism in his own county unto the end. When he was candidate for Gateshead in 1837, he issued an address, which is a model of good sense and moderation. He was an advocate, he said, for the fullest measure of civil and religious liberty that is compatible with the security of property and the maintenance of a national religion; he would not support "any measure, either for this country or Ireland, that appropriates any portion of the revenues of the Church to other than religious purposes." He had no objection to triennial Parliaments, but was opposed to the ballot, unless the votes of Members of Parliament be taken by ballot also. Against the

encroachment of democracy he was a stout bulwark. "The franchise I consider sufficiently low," said he, "to place it within the reach of all men of prudence and industry, to whom its attainment is an object of ambition." Such were some of the opinions of a Tory ninety years ago, and to recall them is to see how far we have travelled along the path of ruin. The vote to-day is within the reach of anybody who breathes, be it man or woman. Prudence is as unnecessary as industry to the voter. For prudence is to-day a discredited virtue, and if the demagogues who govern us espy anywhere the symptoms of industry, they hasten, as they have hastened at Coventry, to eradicate the pest.

In 1837 it had not entered the head of Peel to betray the county party, which had put him into power. When Peel resolved upon betrayal, Surtees came forth as a zealous and active Protectionist. He knew, by wide experience, that the Corn Laws were necessary to the success of agriculture, and, short of offering himself as a candidate for Parliament, he fought with all his energy and persistence for the cause which he had espoused. "In 1844," Mr. Cuming tells us, "he became a member of a committee formed at Durham to devise means for the more effectual dealing with the Anti-Corn Law League agitation, and also joined the Northumberland Society for the Protection of British Agriculture." And he did more than this. He satirised the Free Traders in *Hillingdon Hall*, and drew, in Mr. Bowker, a living portrait of an Anti-Corn Law agitator. Mr. Bowker, it will be remembered, was not "vastly particular" about the way he made his money, and he had the candour, or the impudence, to confess that he knew "nothing about corn or Corn Laws, and hardly knew wheat when he saw it." Unhappily he and his kind, though they knew nothing of wheat, were well enough skilled in middle-class agitation to bring ruin upon England.

When the Corn Laws were repealed, Surtees was quick to see that no power on earth could bring them back. He had fought as hard as he might, and he and his friends had lost the battle. Nothing was left, then, but to make the best of untoward circumstances. In 1850 he delivered a speech to the Derwent and Shotley Bridge

Agricultural Society, and plainly set forth the policy which he thought the farmers should follow. "He would commence his observations," thus he spoke, "by saying that, though he would most cordially welcome back their old friend Protection, he might candidly state that he thought they were just as likely to get the moon as anything of the sort . . . and it became them as sensible men to look about them and see how best they could meet the universal competition to which they were now exposed." His conclusion was obvious and inevitable. "He did not think," he said, "from his knowledge of other countries, that the English farmer—certainly not the farmers in that district—could compete successfully on the average of years with the foreigner in corn, but in cattle he thought they might." Thus has the industrious Englishman, thrown to the wolves of competition by hot-gospelling demagogues, always been forced to do something else. And though Surtees gave the wisest advice that could at the moment be given, it is clear that he was thoroughly disillusioned. Three years before he made the speech which I have quoted he had resolved to give up the game. "I am so disgusted with politics," he wrote to Lord Seaham in 1847, "both local and general, that it is not my intention to take a prominent part in the affairs of the representation; but if I can do anything for you in a quiet way I shall be most happy."

Politics, then, had failed him. There remained the hunting field and the writing of novels. Quietly he pursued his craft, and drew with a sure hand the characters of Jorrocks and Pigg, of Lord Scamperdale and Jack Spraggon and Mr. Sponge, and of many another, who have become part of our inheritance, and have given him a place, with Fielding and Smollett and Dickens, in the great tradition of the picaresque novel. Who, in truth, are Mr. Jorrocks and Pigg but Don Quixote and Sancho Panza in another environment? If in his own day he was not sufficiently appreciated, he has been read with increasing enthusiasm since his death, and he will not be forgotten until the hunting field, with all that it means and has meant to English life, is utterly abolished.

The Slavers

An Actual Incident of the Slave Trade

By Maurice H. Hirst

ALL at last was ready. Between decks the last of the slaves had been packed into the noisome den which they were to occupy for many weeks. It was a good cargo, and well stowed. In that narrow space, less than three feet high, the long rows of ebon humanity lay breast to back, shackled to each other and the chain which ran through the lower deck ring-bolts. Mothers, though spared the weight of irons, lay with their babes in the same fœtid air. Their fetishes had failed them. They were to be carried they knew not whither, nor to what strange destiny. Here came no cool wind such as stirred at night the tangled growths of their humid forests. The brawny man and the stripling, the mother and the maid, all those black specks of vitalised dust, trembled with fear, as a trapped and driven herd trembles; were acquiescent in despair, or sullen with anger. Their quivering animal senses had been tortured by sights and sounds of which they knew not the import; the reek of their hot flesh, massed in compound and cells, had ascended to skies as merciless as their captors. Now for them the middle passage awaited; the tropic seas, the breathless calms, the sudden squall. Lest their condition fail too rapidly, the whips of their masters would encourage them to dance and sing on those rare occasions when, from the darkness of their prison, they crept out to sunlight. A picture for a Doré, that dance. But of that they knew nothing; supine and terrified, friend and foe were united in their chains; powerless to escape whip, or memories, stalking fever, ophthalmia. . . .

The anchor came up to the bows, the jibs were set, the main- and fore-sails filled; the *via dolorosa* had begun. Soon the Guinea coast lost its definition of outline, became a dark rim on the horizon, softened to a filmy haze, and

was gone. Free at last from the steaming heats and stifling airs of tropical rivers, their mud, the sullen flood of their discoloured waters, the slaver lifted quick bows to freshening waves and wind.

* * * * * *

Nearly all that day, as for many days past, the schooner had floated, a thing inert and lifeless, upon the brazen disc of the equatorial sea. Upon her lay the oppression of absolute stillness. The sun had climbed its wide arc, flamed down upon her, descended to the hard rim of the burnished ocean; the inscrutable constellations had marched by night across the sky: day after day and night after night the same majestic and impersonal sequence, the same gleaming immobility, the same cold certitudes. The stillness imposed an illusion of annihilation. It was as though everything—vessel and shadow, the sea, the sky—were fixed for ever; as though all movement, save that of the recurring and monotonous mechanism of nature, were impossible. Once or twice in that long trance a breeze had obscured the sheen of the smoothed waters; the canvas had fluttered for a while, a slack chain sheet had jingled, a boom had creaked as it swung idly. Then it had died away; the sails, enfeebled, as it seemed, by their effort for freedom, had fallen again on stillness, the little trivial hissings alongside had ceased. Motionless once more, the schooner resumed her air of detachment from the things of this world. She seemed like some bird poised for flight, with wings outspread, but snared by a malignant fate. The pitch bubbled in the seams, the woodwork blistered. Yet she chilled the heart. There was about her a sinister exhalation, an oppression of brooding and stealthy horror that appalled the finer perceptions of the spirit. The men about her decks moved slowly, shuffling with uncertain steps, or sprawled about in the scanty shade. Their breath came with laboured respiration; every now and then one would stagger to the brackish and tepid water, drink, and return to his place exhausted, moving clumsily. Each might have been despair personified. None moved on those occasions when the schooner stirred to a faint life under the wavering influence of a breeze. All through that day scarcely a word was spoken. Only the helmsman spun at times, and as it were from habit, the useless wheel.

He had stood there for hours, sheltered by a strip of awning, peering ahead through narrowed eyelids. To that trapped and melancholy vessel he gave, at least, an air of something human. In his endurance there seemed purpose, perhaps hope. Yet the complete loneliness of that indifferent sea was broken only by another schooner, becalmed and helpless as his own. Shadow and ship appeared interchangeable; the unaltering reflection to mock the bare poles that pointed accusingly to the callous skies.

But as the sun slipped down the polished dome of the heavens, a brisker breeze than had been theirs for many days filled out the sails. The men on deck raised heads as the canvas slatted, but only the helmsman, in his tenser poise, gave evidence of real interest. Though his posture did not change, nor his puckered eyelids cease from undeviating gaze upon their companion on that lonely sea, it was as though his hope took definition at the touch of the wind upon his form. And though he never looked aloft upon the bellying canvas, nor at the wake that made a darker blur upon the ruffled water, yet it must be that their sounds, and the noise of the hissing bubbles that swept from the bows, impinged upon a consciousness so expectant. He alone, of all the crew, appeared to live; to be superior to the exhaustion and despair that weighed them down. He seemed the link that still united them to a humanity they had resigned; his nervous and accustomed hands, clutching the wheel, to combat and control not only the onward-forging vessel, but some dark, mysterious fate as well. . . . The schooner, on the last fitful wafting of the breeze, crept slowly to within easy hailing distance of the stranger, and ranged up on her starboard. Then at last the voice of the helmsman shattered the long silence, and at the sound the sprawling men stumbled to their feet and shambled with what haste they could to either bulwark of their vessel.

"For God's sake, you on that schooner, send some men aboard us who can see. We're all blind here, all but me, and I'm nearly gone," cried the helmsman in a voice feeble and cracked from exhaustion, the very ghost of a sea-hail. But terror and fear beyond words were in it. For a second's space, wherein men heard the loud pulsation of

their hearts, silence fell; and then a murmur rose and swelled which had in it a hint of mockery and cackling mad laughter, impotent rebellion, and a deep diapason of despair. And, as it wavered away again to verge on silence, there came an answering voice, "We're all blind aboard here." . . .

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On those two ships that floated motionless upon the sea, the tumult of men appalled at the horror of their trapping died away. For a space they were exhausted. To what purpose their blasphemies, or their whimperings? A torpor had succeeded rebellion; a consciousnes of their irremediable servitude to dreadful circumstance had stricken them dumb. So the sane lay prostrate, and the mad chuckled and muttered unregarded. And in the pest-house whence the doom had come, their cargo died in torment. None had given them food or water all that long calm; none had dared make entry there. In their chains they rotted, poisoning the air. . . . But to the sufferings of those who still lived a term had been set. The sun dipped, a blood-red disc, to the horizon, though no eye saw it; but to the eastward a sombre cloud swiftly began to climb the sky. The fleeting twilight passed, and once again the stars appeared in their appointed stations, flickering in the quivering and oppressive atmosphere. The cloud grew vaster, more sinister. Its opaque mass advanced upon the night sky with incredible yet stealthy speed. In swift and stifling vibrations the air was thrust moaningly before it; the sea heaved in glossy undulations. The last stars soon were blotted out, and utter blackness lay like a pall upon the schooners.

The Sacred Dance

Corroboree of Natives of North-West Australia

By E. L. Grant Watson

NOTE.—*The following article and the sequel which will appear in a later number of* THE ENGLISH REVIEW *have been written from notes made in the remoter parts of North-West Australia, where for several months Mr. Grant Watson was a member of a scientific expedition.*

ON the eastern shore of an uncharted, nameless island there is a wide bay. Outside the bay the coral reef runs north and south, enclosing the shallow water of a lagoon. The rocky hills of the island rise westward to high cliffs, covered here and there with tropical jungle. The foot-hills fall away to open country, where grow luxuriant blue and green grasses. These reach down to the sand of the sea's edge. North of the bay a rocky promontory, a spur of the central ridge, affords protection from the north; behind it a creek runs inland.

After some days of cruising among the neighbouring islands, *The Venture* skirted along the edge of the reef looking for a passage between the white coral rocks. Cray, the leader of our expedition, was pleased at what seemed a safe anchorage and a promising ground for the work we had come to do.

The island was large, with several streams of clear water running down from the rocks to be lost in a tangle of rich grasses. That it was inhabited we felt little doubt, for we had seen natives on smaller islands in the vicinity, also several rafts which had made quickly for the shore as *The Venture* approached. Anchor was dropped under the shelter of the northern promontory, far enough from the shore to be out of range of spears and boomerangs.

Cray stood in the bows looking thoughtfully at the coast line. "I like this place. It's the best we've seen

so far. As soon as we are friends with the natives we'll have a camp on shore and put up tents." Smiling at the prospect, he turned to Louis, our cook. "Louis, I want you to make some really nice cakes and bread that we can take ashore as presents this afternoon. Not very big ones, but nice ones to make them interested."

Throughout the day we kept watch for any sign of natives, but could see none, either on the wide sweep of the beach or further inland. In the afternoon Cray and myself went ashore. We climbed to the summit of the high rocks of the promontory, there depositing our offering of cakes and bread. We saw no natives and returned in safety, unmolested.

That night we heard the bull-roarers, at first far off, then coming nearer. Bull-roarers are magical instruments, pieces of flat wood tied to a string, which, when swung round rapidly, make a moaning, sobbing sound very suggestive of mystery and fear. Soon there were a dozen sounding from different quarters; these told us that the island must be well populated. Watch was kept through the night for fear that the boat might be attacked. At the sound of the bull-roarers drawing nearer, the native interpreter whom we had brought with us was stricken with terror. He declared that the island was full of bad men who would eat us all up. This lad, who had come with us from a southern tribe, was a simple and good-natured fellow. His real name was Mindoolo, but for some reason or other he answered to the nickname of Teacup. He went down into the forward hold, hoping there to hide himself from the magic of his kinsmen.

Cray kept watch for the first hours of the night. This excitement was what he had come for. The moaning sob of the bull-roarers filled him with elation. The primitive men over there in the bush, fierce and untamed, he was going to conquer. Confident in his power, he hoped to make himself their benevolent despot. This island with its bays and headlands formed a promising kingdom. Its savage inhabitants he would subdue by the strength and knowledge which were in him.

During the next day no natives showed themselves, though we could see from the thin columns of smoke from their fires that they had come down to the lower slopes of

the foot-hills. At night they came close to the shore, swinging their bull-roarers to frighten away the intruders. That day and the next we left upon the rocks presents of food, which in the night the natives carried away. On the third day we took with us beads and pieces of looking-glass as well as food. As we were passing through some long grass we saw two naked figures squatting by some bushes. They had in their hands spears and throwing-sticks, and watched us intently. Without pausing we walked on and put down our presents in the usual place, and then, as we returned, Cray called out in native language that he wished to talk and had brought many presents. There was no answer, and the two figures disappeared into the long grass.

"They are very shy as yet," he said to me; "it's their native good manners, that many white people have forgotten." He looked intently at the waving grass. "At any rate we've raised their interest. They are all round us now. I can't see them, but I can feel they are there; fifty of them at least."

I could feel it also, and I can confess now that I felt a little uncomfortable.

"White men," Cray continued, "would probably by this time have killed anything so strange as we are to these little fellows; but they are not afraid of us, they are only inquisitive. The savage is not a bad fellow when you come to know him, and if you treat him with respect he will seldom let you down."

When we reached the shore Cray again shouted that he wished to talk; then we sat down for a while and waited.

A naked brown figure appeared, beckoning that we should follow. We looked at each other for an instant. Cray stood up and nodded his assent. Our guide led us toward the interior of the island along a narrow path through the thick, high grass. After we had gone a good half-mile and were by this time quite hidden from *The Venture*, the feeling of uneasiness which had been steadily growing in me found expression. I remarked that it was a long way back to the boat. Cray, half turning his head, smiled. "No going back now," he said, "they are all round us. Can't you see the grass waving, and behind, too?"

Our guide led us further, till the path opened on a

wide clearing, which was trampled hard by many foot-marks. At the far end twenty of the elder tribesmen were seated on the ground. Spears and shields lay close to their hands. As we approached they looked up, uttering sharp, angry noises from their throats; some put out hands for their weapons. Cray advanced to within about thirty paces, holding his head high and looking unconcernedly at the old men. Then, to my great surprise, he sat down, and told me to do likewise. "They are uncertain of us," he said. "If we walked any nearer now, they might kill us out of sheer funk. Pretend not to notice them much, and sit quiet."

In the midst of all this excitement I felt an overwhelming admiration for my leader. This admiration grew still greater as he talked on, apparently quite at his ease, though excitement showed in the brilliance of his glance.

For some ten minutes we sat talking to one another, while the natives watched, sometimes in silence, sometimes conversing amongst themselves., The men who had taken up weapons put them down. They were obviously puzzled by the two white men. At last one of their number approached, making signs that they wished us to come nearer. We rose and walked to the centre of the half-circle which they had made; then again we sat down.

The men in front of us were, as we found out afterwards, the leaders of the tribe. They wore no clothes beyond a string of small bones round their waists, and another round their foreheads. Some of the younger and more virile had a pearl-shell on a string round their necks. Their bodies were gashed with deep cuts on shoulders and abdomen, and twisted in their beards were little balls of hard clay. They appeared to be sulky and distrustful. With a direct gaze, Cray fixed his eyes upon one of the elder men, who for a while remained silent, under that unflinching stare, then, dropping his eyes, barked out a salutation. Cray returned the recognition, and fixed upon the next man. In turn he regarded each man, exacting from each a greeting as sign of respect. Then he addressed them, and to the best of his power in the few words at his command, explained that we had come from a far country for the special purpose of speaking with these people, and that now he would send for his interpreter

and tell them of his wants. This may seem a difficult thing to have conveyed, but much was done with signs, and black-fellows can be very quick to understand.

I was sent back to fetch Louis and Teacup. A native boy went with me to show the quickest way through the long grass.

Poor Teacup was very frightened at the idea of going ashore, and he became still more frightened as he was hurried along the narrow path leading inland. By the time we rejoined Cray he was grey with fear; but in the presence of his leader, whose powers he looked upon as superhuman, he recovered a little confidence.

Cray told the natives that we wished to be their friends and had brought for them many presents. He boasted of magical powers more potent than any that they possessed. He told them that he had magic-sticks, which he carried in the linen bag hanging on his shoulder, which would kill, if he were so minded, anyone who wished him evil. At this news the natives gave ejaculations of wonder, fidgeting uncomfortably where they sat. Cray said he would show the sticks to the older men, but must first be sure that there were no women present, for in the wild Australian tribes women are not allowed to see any instruments pertaining to the higher forms of religion. They assured us that we sat at that time on sacred ground where no women might approach. Cray did not, however, wish to appear easily satisfied; but rather to test his power. He pointed to various bushes, bidding the old men look behind them to see that no women were there concealed.

They went obedient to his command, although but a short hour ago they held power over his life. Thus it was that the force of a western personality prevailed.

When they returned he showed the sticks with much display of sacred awe. "Wah, Wah, Wah, Pff, Pff," exclaimed the natives in the excitement of their religious sympathy. They were subdued not by any external forces, but by the power of their own religious belief. Cray assured them that his magic would not be used against those who were his friends, and that his power was only exercised against his enemies and those who had evil thoughts.

For the rest of the day we stayed talking with them, questioning them and making rapid strides in the acquisition of their language. We took notes and made a vocabulary of their words, and, to amuse them, made drawings of the things they described. We laid ourselves out to please, and by this, I think, made stronger our position. We learned that there was going to be a big meeting of tribes on this very island in a few days' time. There were to be corroborees or sacred dances; there would be feasting, and after the feasting the performance of sacred rites. Nothing could have pleased us better than this news, for we had come all the way from England to study these very ceremonies and rites.

In the dusk of twilight we went back to our ship very satisfied with the day's work, and hopeful as to the future.

During the next few days we watched the gathering of the tribes. Some came in rafts from other islands, and some from the mainland, which was not far distant. It was to be a big corroboree; all the tribes in the district were to be represented. Cray and myself spent most of our time on shore talking with and establishing a firmer relation with the local people of the island, the Boronzo tribe. We gave presents of tobacco, pipes and beads, and in return received weapons and instruments that we were anxious to add to our collection. These folk responded, for the most part, very readily to our interest in their customs, their manner of life and their beliefs, and as soon as we were sure of our standing among them we started the definite and somewhat laborious task of making genealogies. This work was of great interest, for we believed that in these primitive men might be found the origin and mingling of all the nascent sources of religion, ethics and social custom. In the evenings Cray would sit in the cabin of *The Venture* writing out his day's notes, sometimes gazing in abstraction through the open port while some idea took shape in his mind.

On the night appointed for the corroboree we went up through the long grass towards the forest-clad hills. The tribesmen were all afoot, and as we pushed our way forward we were conscious of stirring grass on either side and of shapes moving, which kept themselves hidden.

This corroboree, we had learnt, was to be followed by

the initiation of certain youths, and would be the prelude to the spring period of Saturnalia. Later there would be probably tribal fights, but these were not expected to occur during the first few days.

We followed our guide further into the bush than on any previous occasion, and came at length upon a group of men standing together amidst the stems of high-arching salmon-gums. There was a small forest of long spears planted perpendicularly in the ground. Behind and through these spears dark figures moved to and fro, while they oiled and painted their bodies in long red and black streaks, with here and there white blobs and patches. The black colouring that they used was a preparation of soot and emu's oil, the red and white were natural clays, sought after and much valued for this purpose.

Throughout the whole night the bull-roarers had been sounding, at first but ones and twos, but gathering in numbers; and now the whole island seemed to be given up to their weird and magical tones. I had never until now felt so keenly the mystery of that strange music. This was sound possessed by spirits; like human life it was produced by man, yet was beyond his control. It was a live thing let loose, an elemental spirit set free, constantly recaptured, halting, as it were, upon one wing, and again released. It spoke a language far simpler than the language of thought. Abruptly it muttered, fell, rose and sighed like the wind. It was like the tides, like the talking of water among large stones. One voice answered another across the darkness. The heathen gods were speaking, and I could well understand how the heathen hearts of their worshippers fluttered in response. My own heart was beating faster than usual. I could not shield myself from those emotions, tense and peculiar, which filled all the night air.

Now all was ready. A single cry rang through the trees, an ejaculation both tense and significant. In its isolation it sounded more than human, both human and divine.

There was silence.

On the men's faces I could see the gathering yet controlled emotion. They were now fully painted; their bodies gleamed and glistened in the torchlight. The

silence lasted a few minutes; they were listening, waiting. A distant bull-roarer, somewhere down by the shore, became faintly audible. One of the male savages, fully painted and adorned for magic ritual, took up an instrument and walked a few paces into a small clearing. He looked round with narrowed eyelids. His body was painted shining black. On his legs were ochreous streaks, and on his forehead and ribs were lines of the same pigment. There were red marks under his eyes and mouth and red slashes upon his shoulders. Streaks of dead white clay underlined each of the red markings. He planted his feet firmly and stood listening. For some time he appeared to be motionless.

From far away another muttering voice broke forth. Another and another, nearer and nearer. As the tremulous voices gathered I felt my heart contract with something which was akin to fear; yet it was not fear, it was religious awe, profound and intense.

The man in the clearing swung the wood gently; planting his feet wide apart, he gripped firmly the string; then, contorting his face and putting out his strength, whirled the wood in a now-narrowing, now-expanding cone above his head. The sound broke forth like the flutter of great wings. It lifted to a cry, was stifled, sank and moaned. Again it rose like a shout; it failed and sank, plaintive and broken. The expression on the man's face, and, indeed, the expression of all the men who watched, followed its modulations. I could see beads of sweat break out through the paint and oil. I watched the play of the muscles beneath the shining skin. That fierce, exalted credulity, that fervour of belief, touched and thrilled me. Yet I did not fear that magic; it was too close to my own life to be fearful to me. In the strong scents of the earth, in the cloud-swept sky, and in the crude reality of sex I had found the same mystery. This was the symbolism of life; it was religion.

While the bull-roarers were yet sounding we trooped in single file to the place where the corroboree was to be held. Here were gathered many natives, ranged in a wide half-circle of groups each centred about a fire of glowing sticks. On the right of the curve was a pile of brushwood fifteen feet high. In the centre was bare ground, beaten

hard and smooth. We took our places a little to the rear of the left wing. Bull-roarers were now again sounding from all points; their varying modulations were as the voices of bush spirits, strong in expectancy, speaking things of deep significance.

The natives were singing in a nasal, monotonous chant. One group would slowly lift the refrain from a low, rasping dirge, like waves upon a pebbly beach, to the high-pitched scream of the under-sough in a tempest. Imperceptibly they would drop it to a whisper, and the faint tenderness of broken voices. When the spirit of the song was almost dead, the next group would take it up, re-make it, give the same climax, the same fading death, then pass it on. Sometimes, possessed by the spirit of the land and of the dead generations, they would sing all together, and as the blue smoke-spires wafted dimly up into the darkness I felt my flesh quiver and little ripples of emotion creep over my skin. Cray's eyes shone with excitement. His clear-cut features, catching the firelight, symbolised the advance of man's intelligence from out the early birth of emotion.

The singing continued with the same monotony and the same variations till the first glimmer of dawn; then suddenly an old man stepped into the bare space in the centre. There was at once silence. For a minute or more he harangued in a loud voice; then stepped back into the undergrowth. Immediately a flame ran up the pile of brushwood, and at the same instant the women bent their heads to the earth, hiding their faces under skins lest they should see or hear sights or sounds of magic allowed to men alone, and making at the same time a moaning sound.

The dry brushwood blazed into a roaring flame, and into the open space of bright light there came twenty-two male figures dressed for the dance. Like the swinger of the bull-roarer, their bodies were blackened all over with soot and oil, long red and white streaks of clay shining brightly against this background. On hips and shoulders were tufts of emu feathers, while on their heads, or rather round their faces, were the sacred *waninga* or headdresses. These, spider-web-fashion, radiated out from the face, which was thrust through a hole in the centre. The connecting strands, covered with white down, were sometimes

smeared with clay. Varying in size from small ovals, not more than two feet across, to shapes which touched the ground and stood ten feet high, they presented an irregular and weird appearance.

The dancers proceeded with sharp, mechanical movements, knees and elbows bent, jerkily twisting in their hands white, down-covered sticks as they danced. Their conventional steps and gestures suggested automata sprung of a sudden from the earth to express some of its savage significance. With heads thrust forward, and with features set in a grin, their movements portrayed a complex of emotions. Piety most certainly was there, deliberate and enduring; savagery abrupt with fierce intentions; a mystic seriousness, a phallic facetiousness, an intense, grotesque maleness as pious in its naïf intensity as the grave endurance of a Madonna.

While the figures shifted in the slow maze of the dance, the nasal chant swung through all its modulations, supported always on the undercurrent of the low moans of the women.

The brushwood burnt fiercely; flames leapt high into the air, casting their light upon the dancers, making shadows that rippled and flickered upon the ground. There was a roar of sound from the fire, and the heat, even at the distance at which we sat, was plainly perceptible. The dance increased in intensity and quickness as the fire blazed. Then, because of the very swiftness of its combustion, the fire sank upon itself and died down. As the flames flickered and fell, the dancers withdrew into the darkness of the trees. The old man who had announced the opening of the dance ran out into the open, gesticulating and now declaring that it was finished. The women raised their faces, and the onlookers became aware of the traces of morning to the eastward. The long chant ceased, the corroboree was over, natives stood about their fires replenishing them, talking with one another.

Through the dance I had sat very still, and I confess that my heart was beating in response to the fervour of these wild men. They had communicated to me, or it had come perhaps from the bush and the sky itself, a sense of power. It seemed that some secret of personality had been revealed. The clue to life was here; one clue at least that

led to the mystery that was man. I felt, as I sat there, that this had all happened to me before. It was vaguely remembered from the past, though *what* that past had been and *when* it had transpired I knew not. Through some undiscovered channel, because of my presence there that night, I was strengthened with power caught from primitive man in contact with primitive nature. This was my initiation, and although I did not know at that time that I was to become an accepted member of the tribe and admitted to the understanding of the psychic fabric of their society, I felt that from now on these men and women would never be to me again the alien and remote savages that they had at first appeared.

Already the light was gaining in the sky; dawn was coming; the first phase of the corroboree was over, in a little while the sacred and terrible rites of initiation would begin.

In a Welsh Village

By The Earl of Arran, P.C., K.P.

WHETHER you come by night in the lordly sleeping berth of pre-war luxury, or whether in the humbler seat of the third-class carriage in the day-time, is immaterial: both are the golden cars of dreamland, for they are bringing you to Paradise—the Paradise of Mary's by the Sea. Terrow is the outer gate and Wilmouth a still nearer portal, where Charon, a black-bearded, kindly Charon, takes you across in his steam ferry to Paradise, and even the Styx —or Wilmouth Bay—is lovely, not only in itself, but also for its reason of being the road to Mary's by the Sea. Mary's is as splendid in its physical beauty as it is lovely in its simplicity of life: a gentle place where it is the sea which has kissed it into simplicity, and has kept away a rougher world. We are very poor at Mary's, as far as vulgar money is concerned: we are rich in the richness of Mary's beauty, and richer still in our friendships and in ourselves. And as yet no others have discovered our treasure-house—mercy on us—for because of our poverty we should have been unable to withhold our privacy from the builder: we are so far from London that as yet we have been able to keep it to ourselves.

We have a Lady of the Manor, a foreigner and only a leaseholder, but who is much beloved and, although she manages us a little, her management is as kindly as herself. For she is vigour personified, that is vigour for Mary's, where even vigour is a gentle thing. She leads our society, which we pride ourselves is exclusive, as she leads her husband, who is delicate, and who spends his time in boat-building and in boat-sailing, and who excels us all in both. Her house is the local "castle," and, when we are bidden, we go there gratefully, and with a feeling of gratification that we are being received into the very best society. For even at Mary's we are human, and very gently we like to feel ourselves exclusive, as does all the

world. When we dine at the Manor our ladies gaze rather anxiously at our evening jackets, and our wandering King's Counsel who has a boat in the creek, who snatches a week for sailing when he can, and who in other society is rather careless about his clothes, is made to dress himself very carefully when he is asked to dine. Then there are our Bride and Bridegroom, he, a gallant little soldier who wears the most perfect breeches and gaiters in the universe, and she, his pretty, slight, thirty-year-old wife who keeps up the Mary's exclusiveness, and is determined that it shall never die. She is the bosom friend of Honey—our widow—who is the only cause of dissension at Mary's—and that is because she is lovely in mind and nature as she is in face—and who is beloved by our few and gallant bachelors, and who, alas, loves no one but her son. Some people call her "Lagrimas," because she has been the cause of sorrow; others call her "Honey" for her sweetness, but all of us love her and, if she were to leave us, Mary's would cease to be Mary's, and most of us would emigrate to Brighton, where people behave in the most "common" way in the world. None of us at Mary's are "common." We do not think this—we *know* we are not "common," and most of us have seen the world and are able to judge. There is the Major who, twenty years ago, led his Horse Gunner Battery in South Africa, and the fame of whose splendid gallantry has not been dimmed even by similar deeds of a later, greater war—our Major and his witty, handsome wife who manages our lending library and, with it, the morals of our studies. Once Honey asked for *Moths* by "Ouida"—the only occasion on which Honey ever shocked us. She laughs about it now, but she blushes under her rose-brown skin all the same at the dreadful recollection, and we all like to forget it.

Then there is Miss Pansy and her father. Miss Pansy is our beauty, seventeen and sweet. Our nicest young man is Honey's son, and at present he cares for nothing but for boats, a fact which leaves her calm. She has many other suitors from across the water, and it cannot be long before one of them carries her away. Old and young, we shall all miss her dreadfully, for she is young, charming and unselfish. The high spirits of some of her young men surprise the Painter a little bit, for retired artists are

sometimes rather severe. The Painter's dear, fair, laughing wife, however, is never shocked by anything at Mary's, although she would be deeply hurt and wounded at anything that was wrong or unkind or cruel, but nothing like that could ever happen at Mary's. And yet we have many jokes and much laughter at Mary's, for it is Paradise—the Paradise of laughter and of repose. It is holiday time now, and if you would like to go there for your holiday you must study our ways and customs, for we are averse from change. It is an easy place to reach when you can find it, and if you are nice and kind and gentle you will be made welcome. It is easy to find, for its name is Mary's, and it is by the sea.

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One of our oldest inhabitants is Mrs. Rhode. She is eighty-four, and lives at Mary's with the people who take in lodgers during the summer, and in whose house I make my abode. She was once nurse in a rich family, but, when the youngest of her nurslings went to school, she experienced the tragedy which is the pain of so many "Nanny's": she was parted from the children who to her were like her own. It may be the best and wisest course to follow, this method of separation, but it is a tragedy all the same, for it is the fate of these poor women to look upon the children whom they care and tend from their infancy as other women look upon their own. She has been pensioned by what she describes as "the family," but she seems to be very poor. Not that she gives the slightest hint of any dissatisfaction, for "the family," according to her account, are all the best and most wonderful people who have ever lived. Sometimes a letter comes from one of them, and it is an event at Mary's, for Mrs. Rhode reads the letter to all her friends, and she is friendly with us all. Her accounts of "the young ladies" are most entertaining, and she always regrets that they did not each meet with "a duke with a warm and loving heart." None of them are married, and they are now in the 'fifties, but granny has not yet given up hope of the advent of the four warm-hearted dukes.

The one of her brood, however, who is nearest to her heart is "Master Charley," whom she describes as "the

handsomest man in the British Army." I have seen his picture repeatedly, and, to a less biassed eye, he appears to be rather a heavy faced and uninteresting man, but to her he is everything that a man can be. He is rather selfish towards her, for he hardly ever writes—perhaps once or twice a year—and, as he is rich and does no work, he has plenty of leisure for writing letters, or even to pay an occasional visit to the old woman to whom he is everything. She presents a severe figure as she takes her daily walk in front of the sea, always dressed in the most complete violet with an even more severe violet bonnet of the Victorian fashion. She is excellent company, although her conversation is confined to the subject of "the family," but she is a born raconteur. She is, as regards them, absolutely selfless, not only unselfish, but devoid of self. From others she expects, and, indeed, exacts a certain amount of service, and a great deal of respect which is freely given by us all.

It is hardly necessary to say that Honey is her chief protegée, and not only does Mrs. Rhode call her "dearie," an honour which is shared by nobody else, but once she raised her to the highest pinnacle of distinction by saying "Sometimes you remind me a very little of Lady Bertha." They have great jokes together during the morning walk, for Honey is her frequent companion on these occasions.

Honey has taken to playing Mah Jongg, and has introduced it to the notice of the Painter, who has taken to it like a duck to the water. It was his habit to retire to bed at eight every night, partly to save his eyesight, and partly because there was nothing else to do, for his eyes are not sufficiently good for much reading, while his wife used to follow his example, although rather against her will, for she is very human in her taste for company. Now, however, a Mah Jongg party is made up nightly, consisting of the Painter, Honey, and the Masters Wellesley, two young bachelor cousins of sixty, who are believed to propose to Honey every Sunday, the elder one as he accompanies her from church, and the younger directly after luncheon when he pays his Sunday call. The Mah Jongg has introduced late hours, as once last week the players were known to have sat up until half-

past ten. The Painter is not a good Mah Jongg player. He invariably forgets, and when reproached he forgets again. Yesterday he won a victory entirely by unintentionally unlawful means, and the Masters Wellesley, with whom victories are curiosities on account of their rarity, were inclined to cavil at his school of Mah Jongg, and it required all Honey's tact and even severity to heal matters.

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Miss Pansy lives in a house-boat during the summer with her sister, as her father's house is small, and there are many married daughters to entertain. I do not know them very well, because age cannot mix with youth, but they are cheerful and in love with life, and their brightness and affection for each other cover little idiosyncrasies which are foreign to the atmosphere of Mary's by the Sea. Lately the Painter has taken a more indulgent view of Miss Pansy and of her youthfulness, for I found her yesterday morning in his garden, helping to dig and to weed it, and to feed the fancy rabbits which are his pride. They are the only fancy rabbits in Mary's, and are the sight of the locality; and the little girls and boys are admitted to look at them on Sundays, just as the children of the Metropolis go to see the lions and tigers at the Zoo.

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Mary's lately has been full of sadness, for even with us there is often sorrow. Mrs. Rhode has taken her last walk by the sea. She has been ailing lately, but she has been often ailing, and at eighty-four one cannot expect perfect health. Yesterday afternoon, however, she was very ill, her breathing became difficult, and the doctor told Honey, whom he found there when he came, that Mrs. Rhode's pilgrimage was over, and that she could not last through the night. When he had gone, Mrs. Rhode told Honey that she knew, and that she did not mind, and that she was so tired that she would be glad to go, if only she could see her "Master Charley" once more. This was about two in the afternoon, and so Honey and I made up our minds that we would telegraph to "Master Charley" and ask him to come. I went to the telegraph office and wrote out a long tele-

gram, saying that Mrs. Rhode was dying, and that she longed to see him before she went, and asking him to reply so that she could know that he was coming, and then I went back and sat with Honey in Mrs. Rhode's room until the answer came. We did not talk at all: Honey sat holding her hand and helping her when the breathing became too difficult, and then the answer arrived:—

"Very sorry to hear sad news—impossible for me to come—much engaged—please give Mrs. Rhode my dearest, fondest love."

Honey and I held a hurried consultation. "I don't care: I am going to lie," said Honey very decidedly. "The doctor says that she cannot live through the night, and she will be happier in thinking that he is coming." And although Honey never never tampers with the truth, she read out to Mrs. Rhode, "Tell Nanna that I am coming at once, give her my dearest fondest love—Charley." Mrs. Rhode was too weak to read it, but Honey placed it in her old thin hands, and all through the night Mrs. Rhode kept whispering, "Charley is coming to-morrow, and he sent me his dearest fondest love—I shall see him before I go."

And the pity of it is that the doctor was wrong, for the hope of seeing her "Master Charley" gave strength to Mrs. Rhode, and, when the sunrise came into the room, she was still alive. She asked the time, and when we told her she said, "I shall see him in another hour," and she made Honey set her up in bed and make her look as nice as possible for her "Master Charley" who had refused to come. And then we heard the steamer at the pier just below her window, and the rattle of the anchor chain in the summer morning, and she said "In a moment he will be here," and we had to tell her that he had not come. She cried a little, and then she said "I know he was too busy, but he sent me his dearest fondest love—his dearest fondest love." Then Honey held her hand until she died.

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The Lady of the Manor has been away for about a fortnight, but she returned yesterday, and I am bidden to dine to-night, so I am going with Honey and her son.

The Manor House is on the other side of the little creek, and we have to row over and walk up from the little quay. The Manor House is charming. It is not very large, but quite large enough, and as it adjoins and is part of the Parish Church, it makes quite an imposing pile of buildings. One thing about it is rather gloomy, and that is the old graveyard, which comes up to the library windows, and yet, in spite of its gloominess, is rather picturesque. The park stretches behind the house, and in front of the house is a large lawn which slopes down to the quay and the sea, and the sea makes another and most delightful park. This sea park is so enclosed that even in the roughest weather it is always smooth, and so it makes a safe and pretty anchorage for the owner's little fleet of small yachts and dinghies. The rooms in the house are rather small, with the exception of the dining room, which is an immense well proportioned room hung round with the largest collection of family pictures which I have ever seen. They are interesting, because they embrace an unbroken period of over three hundred years. The library is a fine room, too, and is very bright and sunny, and looks out over the real park, but the graveyard is a great drawback. The Lady of the Manor, who has the house on lease and who seems to love the ancestors as her own during her occupation, is delighted with the pictures, and recounts their individual histories with a gentle and almost family pride.

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To-day I joined the ranks of the Masters Wellesley, and I asked Honey to marry me. We had been for a long walk by the shore, and were resting by the little boat yard on the point whence one can see right over the everlasting sea. She was very nice and gentle as she always is, but from the commencement she was very definite, saying that these things were over for her, and that she would never marry—that her whole life was bound up in her son, and that when he married she would sit down and wait for the end, and she said, laughing, "That will be very pleasant." She asked me if I knew how old she was, and to my surprise I find that she is nearly as old as I am. Then she talked about other things, and made some atrocious jokes, as her custom is

when she is much moved, and then she placed her hand in mine for a moment and said, "I am glad that you like me so much, but you must learn to like somebody else much better," and then she gave my hand a squeeze and a pat and began talking about the Painter's rabbits. I asked her if she intended marrying one of the Masters Wellesley, and she said "Yes—I mean to marry both of them, and at the same time—it will be so much cheaper," and we got up and went to tea with Miss Pansy and her father. Well! I am glad that I have asked her—it makes our friendship more intimate, and it is at least something to learn that she will never marry anybody else. Perhaps it is best as it is—and I am sure that she looks upon me differently from other people—the Masters Wellesley, for instance.

The Masters Wellesley came and called on me this evening after supper to smoke and talk. I know why they came—they want to know whether Honey has been kinder to me than she has been to them. They are great gentlemen, however, and would rather die than bring a woman's name under discussion, even although it were done with the greatest respect and deference. I cannot help them, for I cannot begin the topic and volunteer the information that she has also refused to marry me, and besides I do not think that I want to tell them. They are devoted to each other, and have lived together all their lives, and unfortunately that little wretch Honey has now come in between them. They are Don Quixotes about everything. Honey was taking shelter from the rain in an old cottage last month over at Wilmouth, and happened to say to the occupants that she lived at Mary's. They at once asked after the Masters Wellesley, and told her how one of them had enquired whether they would sell an old cup and saucer which was on the mantelpiece. The answer was in the affirmative, and the price asked was half-a-crown. Master Wellesley, however, said that the price was not a fair one, and that it was worth at least ten pounds—that he had not got ten pounds to spend on it, but that he would write to a friend in London who would and did give that sum. China is the only weakness of the Masters Wellesley, and such an act of honesty is worthy of record.

All the same, I wish that they would not bother Honey with their proposals—she would never consider them for a moment, I am sure—even if I had never come on the scene. I like the Masters Wellesley, and feel convinced that they have many good qualities, but I wish that they would realise the obvious position and go away and live somewhere else.

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This morning I went down to the post office, and found the coast-guardsman outside it. He seemed very excited, and said to me, "Look at that gentleman inside—he's one of my old officers," and then added proudly, "It's Admiral of the Fleet Sir Anthony Vesey, V.C., G.C.B., and everything else." I found inside the post office a big squarely built man in blue serge who was laughing at something the post mistress had said, and who turned round when I came in. He had a short curly beard and the kindest, merriest expression which I have ever seen on any man. The post mistress, who was beaming with smiles, at once said, "This gentleman will be delighted to show you Berry's Yard, Sir Anthony," and the Admiral, who seemed to take it for granted, replied, "That will be very good of you, sir," and in a minute we were walking up the road together. He told me that he had come to see a little yacht which he thought of purchasing, and said, laughing, "We sailors can't leave the sea, even when it gives us up." He asked all about Mary's, and admired the view so much that I asked him if he thought of coming to live here, but he said "No." Just then we reached the gate of Honey's house, who was standing there talking to the Painter and his wife. I felt rather pleased that Honey should see me in such company, so when we were close to them and they turned round I said "Good morning," and the Admiral said "Gad—it's Priscilla," and he took Honey up in his arms and kissed her in front of us all, and she began to cry, so he put his arm round her and led her up the garden path into her house, leaving us in the road.

And the Painter's wife said "Well! I never!"

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Charles and Tom Wellesley and I are going to live at Brighton.

The Collapse of a Nation

By Sir Arthur E. Shipley, G.B.E., F.R.S.,
Master of Christ's College, Cambridge

NATIONS have collapsed before. Whole civilisations in Mesopotamia have been "washed out": the Egyptian culture disappeared: all the wisdom and learning of Greece went to pieces: the Roman Empire dissolved. But the process of decay and dissolution in all these cases was a prolonged one. Shorter periods sufficed to wipe out the civilisations of Mexico and Peru, though their decay was doubtless aided by the invasion of powerful conquerors.

But at the present moment we are watching the decay of one of the greatest nations of modern times, a nation surpassing in numbers almost all others, and covering a wider continuous territory than any other community of people. According to the statistics published by the Bolshevists, from 500,000 to 600,000 persons have been killed in Russia in the last five years, and since 1918 the total population has diminished by 16,000,000 to 18,000,000 men, and the cultivated area has been reduced by 50 per cent. Now man as a destructive agent could not account for such a gigantic mortality. What is really causing the decay of Russia is disease. In a recent article in the London *Times*, attention was drawn to the fact that last year famine refugees returning from Astrakan in the Caucasus to Southern Russia brought with them the organisms of a most pernicious form of tropical malaria. As is well known, malaria is conveyed by mosquitoes of the genus *Anopheles*. *Anopheles* occurs pretty well universally, but if it has no *infected* human beings to feed upon, its bite, though irritative, is innocuous. The terrible mortality now existing in Russia is due to the introduction into the blood of man of a very pernicious form of malarial parasite, and this has in a few months spread so widely that, from Nijni Novgorod and Moscow on the north to the Black Sea on the south and Rumania on the west,

almost the entire population is by this time infected. The average incidence of the malaria fever is between 60 and 70 per cent., but in many places this is raised to 90 per cent.

Wars and revolutions, however devastating, are temporary in their effects, but once malaria is thoroughly established amongst an ignorant and prejudiced population it is almost impossible to eradicate it. There are many people who are constantly asking—What is the League of Nations doing? Well, it has done one thing: it has formed a *cordon sanitaire* on the eastern side of Poland and Rumania, and has successfully beaten back the invasion of numerous diseases which have devastated Russia since the Bolshevists took command. Had they been able to control the frontier a little west of the Volga —for the Volga has been known to be a hotbed of malaria —had they been able to quarantine the returning and infected refugees, and to have alleviated their sufferings by quinine, this appalling outbreak might have been stemmed.

Many think that the cold climate of Russia will prove fatal to the *Anopheles*, but it is quite a delusion to believe that the mosquito cannot stand extreme cold. It has been known for years that the fertilised female shelters under the snow in the tundras of Siberia and other northern countries. The larvæ of a mosquito, even when the water in which it was living was frozen solid on three consecutive nights, survived and gradually but very tardily turned into pupæ. Hence the hope that many had that the Russian cold would prove fatal to the mosquito is groundless. Even if they were killed by cold, the habits of the ignorant peasantry, who keep their water tub in their tightly closed and overheated rooms next to the great stove, would form an ideal breeding-place for the *Anopheles*. Anyone who has travelled through Russia and noticed the constant occurrence of swamps, lakes and sluggish streams, will appreciate the fact that, even if you could educate the peasantry to treat the vast water area of the country with paraffin, it would be impossible to do so. The area is too great, the water-ways are too scattered, the population is too sparse.

Now malaria is not only frequently a fatal disease, but

it absolutely crushes the vitality of the living beings who are suffering from it. One of the peculiarities of the disease, as was long ago noticed by the Greeks, is that any slight exertion brings on an increase of temperature, with its accompanying shivering fits. Hence malarious folk are not unnaturally averse from any hard work. Owing to the disorders of the country and the decentralisation due to the compulsion of Moscow, there are no funds for public services, hospitals, or medical work, and anti-malarial precautions are quite impossible in Russia. From a healthy land inhabited by energetic, hard-working peasants and Cossacks, Southern Russia has been changed to a highly malarious country, and the physical degeneration which involved the decay of Egypt, Babylonia and Greece is overtaking half and more than half of its population. As stated above, certain districts in Southern Russia have been malarious for many years. In 1914, out of a population of 141,000 in Astrakan, there were over 16,000 cases of malaria, and six years later the mortality from that disease was estimated at 20 per cent. But this malaria was comparatively benign.

Malaria is thought to have appeared in Asia Minor about 500 years B.C. At any rate, that seems to have been the date when it was first noticed. In the fifth century B.C. it became prominent in Greece. It is recorded from Southern Italy about the same time as it was first mentioned in Asia Minor; but in the Roman provinces it seems to have been introduced after the second Punic War (that war which Dr. Johnson wished should never again be mentioned in his presence). Ravenna remained healthy until the beginning of the Christian era, so that it must have taken somewhere about a couple of centuries to cover the comparatively short distance between that town and Rome. The parasite, like so many others, probably came originally to Europe from Africa, and anyone who has visited the Campagna round Rome or the derelict port of Ostia recognises at once the devastating effect this disease has on humanity. The Moscow *Izvestia* published, on October 24th, 1923, a *Report on Epidemics in Russia*. This shows that, whilst typhus, typhoid and cholera have abated, malaria is still spreading. For the first seven months of 1922 the registered cases of typhus numbered 2,346,906.

This had dropped for a similar period in the following year to 381,617. In the same period 42,021 cases of small-pox had dropped to 34,414. For the first eight months of 1922 the number of registered cases of malaria in Russia was 2,086,413. In 1923 the numbers had increased to 2,792,349.

As I stated at the beginning of this article, civilisations have disappeared, but slowly, and in fact so slowly that their disappearance was hardly noticed at the time. But the absolute dissolution of Russia is taking place at an appalling rate. We have before us in a very few years a destruction of life and of everything that makes life worth living, and apparently little or nothing can be done to avert it. But for the historian and the economist it is a phase of infinite import, and it is to be hoped that some historian and some economist is recording the quickly following stages of an inevitable and unchecked calamity to the world, a disaster on the most stupendous scale.

Victory

By Enid Clay

Now does the earth, rebellious of the mood
Of tyrant winter—that has held her long,
Feel in her fibres, not to be withstood,
The challenge—birds that flutter into song;
The sap that stirs in little lovely leaves,
The tremulous small things above the mould;
How shall we say that still her spirit grieves—
For days long past, and lovers spent and old?
I would go out upon a day of peace,
And if Death came to walk the woods of spring
Bid him good speed, and welcome my release:—
This earth, this body, unremembering.
For Life has chained, that Death may set me free;
And in surrender lies my victory.

"Says Sergeant Murphy"

By A. P. Garland

Capital Punishment

"I see," said Heddle, "they're getting up a petition for the Tootfield murderer. They want to have him given penal servitude instead of having him hung."

"They would," replied Sergeant Murphy. "There's always a bunch of humanitotallers, or whatever you call them, that can pour out tears be the bucketful for the man in the dock, but haven't a thought for the man or woman on the could slab in the morchary. And whin it comes to petitions, I don't believe in thim. The counthry's oozin' over with people that ask nothin' better than to be signin' their names to everythin'—barrin' cheques in settlement of account rindered. Sure I'm like that meself. Ask me to sign a petition for havin' a golf house built or not built for the unimployed, or for forcin' the Town Clerk to grow a beard, or for postponin' Summer Time to winter whin dacent weather may be expected, or anythin' else, sinsible or otherwise, and the name of Terence Murphy, done in an illigant hand, me own, will be found at its post. Out of good nature there's scarcely a thing I won't sign. But whin a fellah has reduced the population of the world be wan or more without bein' provoked—— Did I ever tell you what happened whin they come to me with the petition for reprievin' that chap in Pimlico that poisoned his wife?

"'There you are, Mr. Murphy,' says they. 'We've thousands of signatures already. Look at the roll.'

"I did, and I saw what wasn't there.

"'I'll sign that,' says I, 'as soon as you show me wan more name.'

"'What name is that?' says they.

"'The name of the corpse,' says I.

"I'm a sintamintal man meself, Heddle, but I reserve me sympathy mostly for the innocint and the sufferin'. And be the Holy! there's enough of thim in need of it.

But because a man I've never heard of before is goin' to pay the penalty for could-blooded murdher, I'm not bein' found in the ranks of the maudlin ould women that want him to be saved from hangin' because he was kind to dumb animals or won the belt for stamp-collectin' at the L.C.C. school. Tell that same lot of Weepin' Willies that there's an ex-Serviceman with his wife and three childher livin' undher a tarpaulin in Bermondsey, and they'll run like hares for fear you dhraw out a subscription list. But a poor, dear murdherer in the hands of brutal warders—— Sign on the dotted line, Anastasia.

"Now thin, Heddle, I don't like speakin' disrespectfully of the Press, more especially of the *Daily Hoot*, which flourishes through havin' me as its Kerb Editor, but it sthrikes me that it's the newspapers that's the cause of most of the sloppy sintamint that foams up when a murdherer gets the sintence he deserves.

"Long before the thrile there's columns of stuff tellin' of the chap's early history, his business career, if any, his taste in lounge suits, wines, architecture, golf clubs, omelettes, and religion, and pictures of everythin' concernin' him, from wan of his first pair of pants to wan of the post office where he bought the stamp to sind for the catalogue out of which he selected the brand of weed-killer that 'ud give the largest percintage of arsenic per spadeful. And his photo appears with as painful regularity as that of the man that was stone bald for eighteen years until he thried Wampum. The result is, Heddle, that be the time he's convicted we know more about him than we do about anythin' except the domestic life of a film star or of the first impressions of the Zoo be a new inmate, and we look on him as a sort of frind that's met with misfortune through some busybodies of policemin that ought to have been regulatin' the thraffic in Piccadilly Circus, instead of arrestin' a man with a profile displayin' strinth and a taste for chimical experiment.

"And so your petitioners humbly pray that he'll be given a few years in the second division, and thin sint back to the linoleum business from which he has been ruthlessly dhragged."

"There'd be tons of murders if there weren't no hanging," commented Heddle.

"I'll guarantee two meself—me landlord and the lad next door that's learnin' the cornet," said the other.

"But," continued Heddle, "they say that hangin's no deterrent."

"For wan man it is," replied the Sergeant firmly.

A March Night

By Eden Phillpotts

Now wheels the Hunter huge upon the West
And glittering sets, while overhead the wind
Roars with a riot, as though Orion blew
Upon the draggled earth.

The woodlands pant and cry upon the dark,
Throbbing at each mad bluster from above,
That violates their nakedness and wrings
Their passionate litanies.

Some wail like women; some a resonant note
Reverberate on night, and at a lull,
Hissing they sink to silence and rebound
Against another stroke.

Dark heaves the earth against a clean-blown sky,
And deep in murk of water-meadows dim,
Beneath the shouting forest on the hill,
Move little beads of flame.

Under the spinney's edge a house on wheels
Lifts nigh the hurdles, and by lantern ray
Two ancient men among the eaning ewes
Labour with patient craft.

Whimpering upon the wind there shrills the bleat
Of waking life, and deeper sigh ascends
From new-made mothers, while the veterans
Help lambs into the world.

The starry flocks trail on their way above
Across the vast of heaven; and mother earth
Twinkles below at many a farm and fold,
Where shepherds tend their sheep.

The Out-patient Physician

By Adolphe Abrahams

"I NEVER go to theatres," said the out-patient physician. "Why should I? Can any artificial theatrical performance offer me more than I get here two afternoons a week? Drama, tragedy—enough of that, Heaven knows! And comedy: yes, thank goodness, comedy too. All the time the drama of real life fully played out, the substance, not merely the shadow."

From his point of view the out-patient physician was correct; but, rather narrow-mindedly, he forgot that few people have the opportunity to enjoy the experiences he thus enthusiastically extolled. Yet there can be no question of the educative value, from a merely philosophic viewpoint, of out-patient work. The man who sees as consecutive patients, one of two days, and one of ninety years of age, must welcome an experience which will equip him to spin the gossamers and forge the anchors of life. He must be all things to all men, and more particularly to all women. For they will come to him to discuss not merely their physical disabilities, but all the details of their lives and those of their relatives and acquaintances; to ventilate their grievances; to receive congratulations on their joys; to extract sympathy for their sorrows. He must be all things to all men. He must express no surprise that Mrs. Riley's spectacles are optically unsatisfactory because she shares them with her husband; nor at Mr. Smith's explanation of his symptoms being occasioned by his occupation involving "a lot of 'ead work" when Mr. Smith means that he carries a heavy basket of fish on his head. Still less may he display his technical ignorance that Mr. Brown's edentulous condition, and that alone, is responsible for his inability to follow his occupation for the past four months, Mr. Brown being a cobbler. He may be puzzled by certain coincidences until a little statistical observation leads him to the conclusion that there must be some great

Law of Rhythm and Periodicity. Otherwise why should one afternoon exhibit a Teutonic preponderance, when Glawitz follows Zimmer, to be replaced by Higandorf and then Schumann? On another occasion gallant little Wales is to the fore; Williams, Jones, Evans, and Thomas have all chosen the same day for their patronage. Boots, Brewer, and Baker in rapid succession send one's thoughts instinctively to *Our Mutual Friend*; and the arrival of Twe, Gookey, Earwaker, Herweigh, and Hendelbourck might have provided inspiration for even Dickens himself. Nor in names alone does coincidence preponderate; occupation, age, symptomatology, all seem to run in waves. A stream of musicians, sufficient, in fact, to constitute a neat little orchestra, followed one another one morning, with no other prearrangement than Fortune's trickery; four fat Jewesses, all with shortness of breath, held the field one afternoon; on another occasion every lady is a sufferer from backache. A quaint coincidence was afforded by consecutive patients complaining of pain in the left big toe and right side of the chest in one case, and of pain in the right big toe and left side of the chest in the other, inviting the conclusion, quite without foundation, that some collusion had taken place in the waiting room. Sometimes there is a run on Christian names—four Roses, three Lucretias, and three Lavinias at short intervals. Eunice and Imogen presented themselves as twin sisters, the one a charlady, the other a hefty bar-maiden. And Mr. Joseph Lavender enumerated his complaints while the out-patient physician, with a rather sensitive nose, muttered *sotto voce*, "*Lucus a non lucendo*" for the benefit of such of his satellites as remembered their early classical education.

Of course he has his trials, the out-patient physician, and often the cross he bears is of his own manufacture. He soon learns that the failure of his patients to get well must not be attributed to his want of diagnostic acumen or therapeutic skill, for it is an understood thing that an unqualified admission of improvement is not to be expected. "This patient says she feels better to-day, so the late Matthew Arnold was wrong," reported one cynical out-patient physician in his notes as to progress, much to the bewilderment of his colleagues, who had forgotten Matthew Arnold's categorical pronouncement that the age

of miracles was past. In general the dispersal of any group of symptoms will be followed by the appearance of an entirely different crop.

And why not? Poor souls, they fear that the amelioration of their troubles will lead to lack of interest, perhaps even to dismissal.

According to the dictionary, a hospital is a place in which sick or injured are given medical or surgical care: to those who really know, a hospital is very much more than that. It is an institution in every sense of the word. The poor have not hospitals, they have "their hospital," their traditional family hospital. They come to Westminster Hospital, naturally enough, from Pimlico, from Kennington, from Brixton and further south, all of which is geographically obvious. But they come, too, from Highgate and the north, from Hounslow and Staines, from Poplar and the Docks, often passing three or four large hospitals *en route*; they may even live a stone's throw from one. But they "have always come to Westminster and they always will." The medical officers change, but the institution and its tradition go on. And the out-patient physician realises that the middle-aged lady who has come up fortnightly for the last fourteen years, just for a few moments' interchange of compliments and to have her medicine "repeated," will be doing the same thing in years to come, when time in its whirligig has promoted him a little further up the ladder of professional distinction and his seat is occupied by one of the eager boys who sit admiringly at his feet to-day. The hospital serves its purpose. It ministers to the sick, but it does much more. It supplies some break in the monotony of their narrow sordid lives, something to which to look forward. Dickens describes somewhere—I think in *Bleak House*—the capacity of a doctor to converse at his ease with the poor and avoid the absurd mistakes of the inexperienced, who adopt either an insufferable condescension or, what is equally intolerable, a conversational level suitable for a small child. For one day every fortnight at the out-patient physician's "At Home" there is the opportunity afforded for a touch with sympathy, with refinement, with education, one might almost say, with decency.

Was it not George Eliot, in *Middlemarch*, who

described the doctor as developing a special ability to listen to the most absurd nonsense without exhibiting surprise? It is in the out-patient department that this important part of his education is cultivated. He can listen unmoved to a complaint by an unconscious humourist of the "same old malingering pain." To a rapid substitution of "infantile debility" for "senile decay" in a scrap of humanity of three weeks old. To a graphic description of the "neck creaking whenever I roll my eyes round and round," or of sensations of "hot plates on my head and cold plates on my loins whenever I take a deep breath." To all sorts of things, some with comic intent but sad result, others with sad intent but comic result.

The cultivation of patience is more difficult, but certainly more important. In the out-patient department haste is dangerous, hurry is fatal; the whole department goes to pieces for the afternoon. A studied leisureliness must characterise the action of the out-patient physician; it will certainly characterise the majority of his patients. "How long was your military service?" will frequently be answered cautiously, "D'ye mean in the Army?" and the subsequent "What did you do before the war?" by "D'ye mean civil employment?" "What do you complain of?" by "The same thing as I come up 'ere for fifteen years ago."

The acid test for patience is a headache, a hot afternoon, a squalling child sent up with a very deaf old woman who knows nothing whatever about the patient. "Is he able to take his food?" repeated three times *fortissimo*. "No, I'm his grandmother." In the majority of cases the patient or the escort, painfully anxious not to lose or omit anything of importance, will proffer details much in the inconsequential fashion of the French exercise book. "Do you cough anything up?" "Yes, I can't sleep all night" is not necessarily deafness nor misunderstanding, but an exaggerated desire to co-operate. Provoking enough at the time, perhaps, but intensely funny to the onlookers, and, on reflection, funny even to the out-patient physician, who learns, with poor Jack Point, that there is humour in all things, and that when there is naught else to laugh at he can laugh at himself. If he has spent ten minutes explaining to an introspective neurotic who had

complained of a sensation of crumbs in his bed, the genesis of peculiar subjective sensations without organic basis, he will laugh at himself on the patient's next visit when he is informed that the crumb episode has been elucidated—the patient had quite forgotten to inform the doctor that he had been eating biscuits in bed.

The enquiry as to the duration of symptoms always places the cautious patient on the horns of a dilemma. He pauses whilst he is clearly debating the problem. Shall he admit to several years, with the possible inference that a condition of such persistence and chronicity can't be very serious? Or shall he rush to the other extreme and suggest that the acuteness of his suffering is such that he is compelled to seek advice within a few hours of its onset, in which case he risks the recommendation of waiting to see if a little patience (combined with the *vis medicatrix naturæ*) will not resolve his difficulties? He temporises with well simulated deafness and then plays for safety by advancing a period of perhaps two weeks, which, by the process of a sort of reversed Dutch auction, is increased rapidly to months, years, and finally "most of my life."

A trial of a special character is afforded by a recently fresh figure in the out-patient department—the war pensioner. He is a difficult case to handle. On the one hand, a sentimental anxiety is natural to give him extreme justice; on the other hand, for the man's own sake he must not be allowed to drift into the apathy of the unemployable hospitalised sufferer from pensionitis. The majority of pensioners are conscientiously convinced that they have not received their due, and they are particularly prone to believe that everything undesirable that has happened in their lives can be attributed in some way or other to their military service. It is useless to represent to them that the condition of which they complain must have been present years before the war, or that, even if its origin is *post-bellum*, it is a perfectly natural consequence of the passage of time, and cannot in the most remote degree be attributable to military service. But no, no man who joined up, whatever his age, previous occupation or habits, but appears to have been a sort of combination of Hackenschmidt and Carpentier. Nor can he see any logical relation between the length of military service, or the nature

of his disability, and the extent of his pension, which ought rather to be dictated, he is inclined to feel, by the size of his family.

All such difficulties are inseparable from the out-patient physician's lot, but he often has to contend with physical difficulties. Out-patient departments when originally built occupied a very unimportant position in the eyes of the authorities in the old days of medicine and surgery, when ambulatory treatment was of a rough and ready character. It is natural, too, that, with progress, improvements and alterations are first directed to the wards, the operating theatre, and the introduction of special forms of treatment. So that the out-patient physician is not infrequently banished to an out-of-the-way *annexe* unbearably hot in summer, intolerably cold in winter, and at all seasons dark and ill ventilated.

Now it is urged that all these difficulties and inconveniences might be swept away by an abolition of the present voluntary system. It is pointed out that on the Continent and in America the scientific efficiency which many of the hospitals attain as a consequence of endowment, State support, and the subsidising of research, is of a higher level than in this country. This is not the place to discuss a very controversial topic, or even to mention the various schemes which have been evolved in replacement or partial substitution of the voluntary system. But those who have worked with the voluntary system maintain that it alone will preserve that intimate relationship between hospital patient and doctor of which this country is so deservedly proud. Our hospitals live perpetually on the edge of a precipice : they face financial crises, existing from hand to mouth, from day to day, trusting to the *Deus ex Machinâ*, which somehow, somewhither *does* arrive, so ingrained in the British temperament is the ideal of voluntary support. With a confidence in this ideal, Westminster Hospital (the first voluntary hospital in London) undertook the great venture of such structural alterations as amounted to rebuilding, to provide for the public the efficiency which is possible only by modern conveniences. and for the doctors the opportunities to do their work as they would wish. They will wonder, not at the splendid improvements they will enjoy in the new West-

minster, but that it should ever have been possible to work as they did in the past.

But whether in comfort or not, work goes on. Taking the rough with the smooth, one ploughs on through a mass of trivialities, of deafness and stupidity with the ever present stimulus that, sooner or later, the important grave condition will present itself. But although fishing is poor fun when you don't catch anything, the out-patient physician remembers that in this instance all is fish to the net of the student who has at this stage the opportunity to learn under supervision the first of the lessons, which will continue for the whole of his professional life, the distinction of serious from trivial disorders, the recognition of disease in its early stages. The skill of the doctor and his education are of vital importance to the whole of society. And whilst hospitals exist primarily for the care of the sick poor, they subserve equally important functions in the education of students and the observation of disease. This difficulty of out-patient work is one of its chief attractions. Here the patient is seen at his worst, and there is some danger in that such knowledge acts both ways. On the one hand, experience teaches that circumstances permit a substantial discount; on the other hand, it is difficult to persuade oneself that such an appearance of misery could be produced save by some grave organic disease. Small wonder, then, that the hospital in its complete equipment includes almoners, Samaritan societies, and all sorts of charitable organisations to remove the burden from the bewildered out-patient physician, who realises the pathos and the fatuity of trying to give in a bottle of medicine what only food, clothing, rest, change of air, and amelioration of anxieties can supply. 'Tis a poor sort of physician who prescribes medicine to be taken three times a day after food, without ascertaining whether there is any food to precede the medicine.

A gifted writer, in an imperishable address to medical students, referred to the people who are perfectly able to pay and yet cadge round hospitals for free advice, a cork leg, or a glass eye. One has even heard of the well-to-do of St. James's and Mayfair, having attired themselves in shabby clothes, dismissing their carriages a short distance from Westminster Hospital and proceeding on foot to the

out-patient department! In accepting smilingly this facetious exaggeration some sympathy must be felt with the difficulty experienced by the wealthy in obtaining precisely the privileges which are open to the very poor!

* * * * * *

Soliloquising in some such vein, at a quarter to six or maybe a little later, the out-patient physician turns homewards. He may be old enough to reflect regretfully that the afternoon might have been more congenially spent in taking his children to the pantomime or the Zoo, or young enough to deplore a wasted opportunity to sport with Amaryllis in the shade. But young or old, whether the afternoon has brought him much of professional interest or more than the usual share of deafness and stupidity, he cannot fail to feel the pride of being a not insignificant cog in a mighty piece of machinery; a great national institution, in the preservation of which the abolition of voluntary control seems an impossibility.

Alcohol Through the Ages

By William Little

No plant is so frequently referred to in the literature of the world as the vine. In the Holy Scriptures vines, vineyards, and wine-presses are mentioned in about 250 passages, whilst wine is named 77 times, and there are thirteen distinct Hebrew terms indicating wines of various sorts and ages, all rendered in our version of the Scriptures by the one word—wine. The earliest record of viticulture and vinification is to be found in the Mosaic account of the Deluge. From this it is obvious that the art of making alcoholic liquor from the fermented juice of the grape must have been known before the Flood, for when Noah and his sons came out of the Ark one of the first things they did was to make wine. Probably it would not be necessary to replant the vines, as they would survive their brief immersion, and would even benefit thereby. But Noah evidently lacked the patience to wait till his wine had completed its secondary fermentation, and had attained some degree of maturity; or perhaps he did not know that all wines at such a stage are rank and heady, and should only be used with the utmost caution.

From discoveries in the tombs and buried cities of Egypt we know that wine was used in that country from the remotest ages, and two jars, with inscriptions not yet interpreted, have been found in the tomb of Tutankhamen. The processes of viticulture and vinification are depicted by carvings in the grottoes of Beni Hassan, carvings executed probably a century before the time of Joseph. Then, as now, it was known that the best wine could only be grown on high gravelly soil, and the Egyptian vineyards were situated not in the fertile basin of the Nile, but on the surrounding hills. Inscriptions of the time of the Pharaohs indicate seven different kinds of wine, and that a kind of ale was brewed from grain which is probably the progenitor of the *pombe* now used

throughout Central Africa. The art of glass-making was practised, and in later times Alexandria supplied the tables of wealthy Romans with drinking vessels of that material. Cleopatra, the last sovereign of the dynasty of the Ptolemies, not satisfied with a display of rare and costly wines at her banquet to Mark Antony, is said to have crowned her profusion by drinking to his health a draught in which pearls were dissolved, but this legend is probably a piece of Oriental imagery.

The earliest vessels for storing wine were skins of animals made into bags, the seams cemented with pitch or resin. Such were the wine-skins successfully employed by the wily Gibeonites in their negotiations with Joshua. These were succeeded by earthenware jars known as amphoræ, the size and shape of which are obviously modelled on the primitive wine-skin. The amphora was glazed inside and not outside, the glazing being a resinous composition evidently copied from that used for wine-skins. Its capacity was about three gallons, and its aperture was at the thick end or top, unlike the wine-skin, which was filled and emptied at the thin end or bottom. This simple but thoroughly practical vessel for containing wine remained in use without change for many centuries in Egypt, Greece and Rome. It was stored by thrusting the small end into the cellar floor of dry sand. When the first tier was complete it was covered up deeply with more dry sand, another tier of amphoræ was placed above it, also smothered in sand, and there it was left for years to mature at an even temperature. Such a cellar was found when the palace of Pharaoh Hofra at Tahpanhes in Lower Egypt was excavated about forty years ago.

If we accept the opinion of some eminent scholars that the Book of Job is an allegory, and that it was probably written by Moses during his sojourn in the wilderness, it must be the most ancient writing extant, picturing the conditions of life in the time of Abraham. Job's troubles began with the loss of all his family, the bearer of evil tidings announcing :—" Thy sons and daughters were eating and drinking wine in their elder brother's house "—when a hurricane blew down the house and smothered them all. During the five centuries that elapsed * between

* According to Biblical chronology.

the time of Noah and the time of Abraham, viticulture seems to have made rapid progress throughout Western Asia and Egypt, and the use of wine had become general among all classes of people. It is probable that the fortification of wine by the infusion of myrrh and other spices had come into vogue, for we find the names of wine and strong drink frequently coupled in the Scriptures. We know that there was no such thing as distilled spirits until many centuries later, and the difference was simply that between natural wine and fortified wine, the latter resembling what we now call liqueurs and cordials. It was probably a dose of such medicated wine that overcame Lot (Gen. xix).

Moses lays down the most minute regulations concerning vineyards and wine. He declares that the priests are not to have any wine when on duty (Lev. x), but with the fair-minded liberality which distinguishes him, he provides that even the slaves are to have their proper allowance. The same law-giver who forbids his people to muzzle the ox when he treadeth out the corn, thus enjoins them:—"When thou gatherest the grapes of thy vineyard thou shalt not glean it after thee. It shall be for the stranger, for the fatherless, and for the widow." When the Israelites drew near to the Promised Land they dispatched Joshua and Caleb to spy it out. The spies brought back with them, as evidence of its fruitfulness, a cluster of grapes so large that two men were required to carry it. After settling in Palestine the Hebrews paid great attention to their vineyards. Their wine-presses were permanent structures and are sometimes referred to as landmarks. They were capacious troughs formed of masonry, or hewn out of the solid rock, and made tight by being cemented inside. Even at the present day nothing better for treading grapes can be devised, and similar wine-presses have been hewn out of the rock in recent years.

In the first chapter of Samuel there is evidence that tippling among women was not uncommon in the days of Eli—hence the High Priest's mistake in rebuking Hannah. Samuel mentions that in making up rations for a journey in his time a skin of wine was not forgotten; and his account of Nabal, a pastoral magnate on the slopes of Carmel, is so true to human nature that it might apply to a

profiteer of the present day. Sheep farming had been prosperous, and, suffering from swelled head, as it would be called nowadays, Nabal's arrogance had brought down upon him the wrath of David. Saved from destruction by the tact of his wife Abigail, a woman "of good understanding and of a beautiful countenance," he held a feast in his house "like the feast of a king." A man "churlish and evil in his doings," he was bad tempered in his cups, so the prudent Abigail waited till next day "when the wine was gone out of Nabal" before she told him what she had done. "And his heart died within him and he became as a stone." The story is significant of the cowardly selfishness of alcoholic intemperance; of the nuisance, the danger, the sorrow it causes to others; of lives that might have been useful and honoured brought to an untimely end.

During the reign of Solomon, which was a period of great prosperity, the consumption of wine probably reached its highest point. Hence the cautions in the Book of Proverbs and its warning words to them that "tarry long at the cup," and to him that "looketh upon the wine when it is red." Naboth's vineyard, "hard by the palace of Ahab king of Samaria" (I. Kings xxi.), must have been an exceptionally good one so to attract the cupidity of Ahab and his unscrupulous wife. Explorations in Samaria, undertaken by an American University, were suspended during the war, but have recently been resumed, and among the ruins of Ahab's palace some inscribed jars were found, the replenishment of which may possibly have been the motive of Jezebel's commandeering tactics.

Not only David and Solomon, but all the Hebrew poets and prophets introduce the vine into their compositions. A very beautiful allegory, that in the eightieth Psalm, is founded upon the vine, and Isaiah's description of the planting of a vineyard (v.) might serve as a succinct account of the same operation as practised to-day in the wine-growing districts of Europe. The same prophet mentions old wine, racked bright off its lees, as being the correct thing for a special occasion, and he must have regarded a stoppage of production as a public calamity, for in one of his denunciations he declares:—"In the vine-

yards there shall be no singing, neither joyful noises; no treader shall tread out wine in the presses; I have made the vintage shout to cease." (xvi., 10.)

Jeremiah has a great deal to say about wine. He records how the sons of Rechab resisted temptation and how they were rewarded, and he describes what he considers the most favourable situation for a vineyard. Ezekiel names the wine of Helbon, a district near Damascus, as the Chateau Lafite of his time; and Micah had vineyards, wine, and strong drink much in mind. All the sacred writers deprecate the abuse of wine—not one of them forbids its use in moderation. Daniel was a strict abstainer in his youth, although in later life he seems to have felt the need of something stronger than water. (x., 3.) The first chapter of Daniel is the earliest temperance tract, inspired, no doubt, by the evils arising from the abuse of strong drink which Daniel witnessed around him in Babylon. This was indeed the direct cause of the fall of that magnificent city, for its fortification was so strong and its garrison so numerous that Cyrus, with his combined army of Medes and Persians, failed to take it after a siege of several months. He was about to abandon the siege when a novel idea occurred to him. He knew that a great festival was held annually at which Babylon gave itself up to revelry and drinking. This date he selected for an attack by marching along the channel of the Euphrates which intersected the city. A trench was dug by which the water of the river was diverted and its depth greatly reduced. The festival extended over some weeks, but on the principal day Belshazzar gave the grand supper in the hall of his palace so vividly pictured by Daniel. "Belshazzar, the king, made a great feast to a thousand of his lords, and drank wine before the thousand. Belshazzar, while he tasted the wine, commanded to bring the golden and silver vessels which Nebuchadnezzar, his father, had taken out of the temple in Jerusalem. . . . Then they brought the golden vessels that were taken out of the temple at Jerusalem, and the king and his lords and his wives and his concubines drank wine in them." The revelry was at its height when the dread handwriting appeared on the wall. Meanwhile Cyrus had formed up his attack. His leading companies were already wading

along the bed of the Euphrates, the Babylonian pickets had left their post to join in the festivities, and the invaders got possession of the city without resistance from its drunken garrison.

Seventy years later we come to the time of that charming and clever woman, Esther. Her husband, King Ahasuerus, no other than our school friend Xerxes, seems to have been very fond of his dinner and especially of his wine, a pardonable weakness which Esther knew how to humour. He was one of those individuals who become cross and unreasonable when they take a glass too much—a peculiarity which his wife had noted, and knew how to turn to account. Indeed it was a little misunderstanding with his first wife one day after dinner that gave Esther her first opportunity. The way she manages her bear of a husband is admirable, getting all her own way whilst seeming to let him have all his. In playing her game against Haman, she skilfully avoids bringing on the climax until towards the end of the second little dinner she had arranged for the King and his Prime Minister. "And the King arose in his wrath from the banquet of wine and went into the palace garden" (vii). Then Haman knew he was a lost man. There is no finer tale of woman's tact and courage than the Book of Esther.

The details of daily life in Jerusalem in the time of Our Lord have been elucidated by the researches of Dr. Edersheim. Whilst the cost of ordinary living was low, there were to be had in the shops and markets many expensive luxuries, including ice from Lebanon. Dr. Edersheim takes us into the homes of the people, and shows what was likely to be served at the tables of men of position such as Simon the Pharisee, or the other Pharisee whose name is not given, on the occasions when Our Lord dined with them (Luke xi). At feasts there was an introductory course of salted meat, or some light dish. Then followed the meal itself, which ended with dessert consisting of olives, radishes, and fruits—even preserved ginger from India is mentioned. The wine was always mixed with water, the necessity for which can well be understood, the natural and unfortified wine grown in those regions at the present time being strong and heady. Indeed it was considered by some that grace should not be said until

after water had been added to the wine. Among the growths of repute was the wine of Saron, and there were foreign wines from Ammon and Asia Minor, the latter a sort of boiled must like our paxarette. According to some scholars liqueurs were known and used, but these would only be sweetened and spiced wines such as wine of myrrh and wine in which capers had been soaked. Another mixture, chiefly used by invalids, consisted of old wine, water, and balsam. There was also a cooling drink, described as vinegar, made from grapes which had not ripened or from lees. This was the drink given by charitable ladies to condemned criminals to mitigate their sufferings, and was probably the liquid which filled the sponge at the Crucifixion. It has been contended that the miraculous wine at Cana was non-alcoholic. If so, that would extend the action and effect of the miracle, for modern science tells us that non-alcoholic wine is a chemical impossibility. From the second chapter of John we gather that heavy drinking was a feature of the festivities of those days. That inebriety was a cloud overshadowing the society of the period is indicated in the first chapter of Luke, which records the nativity of John the Baptist, and the promise to his parents of "joy and gladness" inasmuch as he "shall drink no wine nor strong drink."

In the far East wine was known and used from prehistoric times. Bacchus is originally an Indian deity, and came to the Greeks and Romans by way of Egypt, where, according to some scholars, he figures as Osiris. Homer, who wrote twenty-seven centuries ago, makes frequent references to vineyards and wine.

> **Soft sleep, fair garments, and the joys of wine,**
> **These are the rights of age, and should be thine,**

—is the commendation of Ulysses to his aged father. At that time the island of Sicily, which had been colonised by the Greeks, was prolific of wines, so that of the wines we find on our modern tables, the one possessing the most ancient lineage is the cheap and homely Marsala. In order to mature their wine the ancient Greeks used to submerge it in jars in the sea, a practice analogous to that of our grandfathers when they sent sherry and Madeira on a long voyage.

We have seen how the abuse of wine gave Babylon into the hands of Cyrus. He seems to have bethought himself of this when, eleven years later, he invaded Scythia, and, finding that its hardy people could not be overcome by the ordinary methods of warfare, he pretended to abandon his camp, leaving in it a quantity of wine. The Scythians took possession and, being unacquainted with intoxicating beverages, they drank to excess. Cyrus returned in the night and slew them, but his triumph was short-lived, for Tomyris, Queen of the Scythians, rallied her warlike subjects, who soon furnished her with a new army, with which she destroyed the army of Cyrus and brought his career to an end (Justinian I, 7). Cyrus was the Kaiser of the ancient world, and, poison gas not being available in his time, he employed in warfare a similar diabolical agent.

It seems that the consumption of wine reached a very high point about a thousand years before the Christian era. It was about this time that Lycurgus, King of Thrace, set himself to check the tide of drinking. He did not rely on half measures, but passed a Prohibition Act at once. A strict teetotaller himself, he forbade the use of wine to his subjects and rooted up all the vines within his dominion—so that Prohibition is by no means a new idea. How long it lasted in this case history does not tell us, but the end was that his subjects mutinied and put Lycurgus to death, alleging that he had drawn down upon his country the anger of the gods by insulting Bacchus and driving him ignominiously away.

The abuse of wine in Eastern countries continued a crying evil down to the time of Mahomet. That bold reformer, in seeking to correct the vices of his time, imposed in other cases only such restrictions as seemed easily practicable, but with true insight he grappled firmly with an evil so difficult to control. He put an unmistakable veto on all alcoholic drinks, and, unlike Lycurgus fifteen centuries before, he succeeded in effecting a reform perhaps the most comprehensive and beneficent in the history of mankind.

Numa Pompilius, who governed the Romans for three and forty years, during which he maintained peace and encouraged the useful arts, took special interest in

viticulture. For eight or nine centuries after his time the Roman husbandmen paid diligent attention to their vineyards, and some of the authors who have written on rural affairs, like Cato, and Varro, and Virgil, give ample and minute directions for the cultivation of the vine. So advanced, indeed, was their knowledge that few improvements have been added during the centuries that have since elapsed. The general mode of fortifying was by adding aromatic substances such as resin, spikenard, myrrh, and the like, well bruised and sifted. These powders, being heavier than wine, would fall to the bottom and act as clarifiers. Columella, who was a wine-grower in Spain about the beginning of the Christian era, and wrote twelve books on agriculture, says that 4 ounces to 2 amphoræ—about 6 gallons—is the right proportion, but in dry seasons, when the wine is stronger, 3 ounces will be found sufficient; and he quaintly cautions the wine merchants to put in as little as possible of these ingredients lest their customers should smell them.

Pliny tells us (*His. Nat.* XIV) that in his time there were eighty celebrated wines, of which two-thirds were produced by Italy herself. The growths most in repute were those from the slopes of Mount Falernus and from Setinium, the latter being the favourite wine of Augustus. These were carefully stored in amphoræ, the mouths of which were closed with earthenware lids sealed and made airtight with a resinous cement. These amphoræ were marked with the name of the growth, and, by way of date, with the name of the Consul in whose year of office their contents were vintaged. The name of Lucius Opimius Nepos thus became celebrated through more than one generation in connection with the famous vintage of the year in which he was Consul—121 B.C. The storage was in chambers artificially warmed called fumaria, just as Madeira wine is treated to-day to hasten its maturing. The ancient appearance the amphoræ acquired in these smoky receptacles was much prized, but it was not unfrequently imitated, and the names and dates tampered with, like the brands and cobwebs of our own time. Martial, in one of his *Epigrams* (X, 36), inveighs against this, specially pointing out one Munna, a wine merchant of Marseilles, who seems to have been a noted practitioner

in this line, and whom the poet humorously represents as being afraid to visit Rome lest he might be compelled to drink some of his own wine.

The Roman connoisseur preserved his choicest wines in earthenware jars, and there is evidence that glass bottles about the size of our own were in use. Prices also were similar, ranging up to 19*s.* 6*d.* for a bottle of very old Opimian of the famous year when Opimius was Consul, a figure corresponding to the guinea a bottle of our time. A banquet at the house of a wealthy and cultured Roman, like Lucullus, or Mæcenas, the friend and patron of Horace, was elaborate and costly beyond the most sumptuous of our modern dinners, both as regard the dishes and the wines, whilst the drinking was on a scale not unworthy of our grandfathers. There was always a master of the ceremonies whose duty it was to see that every man's cup was filled up, and that everybody drank fair. "Aut bibat aut abeat" was the rule—either drink or begone. The health of friends and of distinguished individuals was pledged in a greater or less number of cups, according to the degree of esteem intended to be indicated, and when toasting his mistress the Roman reveller called upon his friends to drain a cup for every letter of her name.

Before the Roman occupation of Gaul the inhabitants drank mead, and wine was imported from Italy for the use of the wealthier classes. But in the early centuries of the Christian era the production of wine in France increased so much that import trade was changed to export. The choicest growths were sent to Rome, just as in later times they were sent to London. For nineteen centuries the slopes of Burgundy have yielded wine of repute, and thence the vines spread northward to Champagne and westward to the valley of the Loire, the two districts which now supply the world with sparkling wines. In the fourth century the district now called St. Emilion, near Bordeaux, bore the highest reputation, when the Roman Consul and poet Ausonius resided there on his wine farm, a reputation which was maintained down to the Middle Ages, but which has since been surpassed by the neighbouring district of the Medoc.

Writing in the first century of the Christian era, Tacitus tells us that the ancient Germans were heavy drinkers.

Their drink was a coarse strong ale brewed from grain. He also mentions that they did not work for anything they wanted if it could be taken by force from their neighbours. The modern German has improved upon this, for not only are his national beverages highly perfected, but he is ready to work as well as to fight for what he wants.

During the four centuries of the Roman occupation of England, wine was regularly imported from Gaul. In the ruins of Uriconium, in Shropshire, a Romano-British city suddenly and utterly destroyed by Anglian invaders, A.D. 583, wine bottles have been discovered; and from the Colloquy of Ælfric we learn that Bordeaux sent wine to England in Saxon times, reintroduced by Christian missionaries who came to convert our heathen forefathers. For two or three centuries subsequent to the Norman Conquest wine was made in the South of England from grapes grown in the open air by the brethren of the wealthy abbeys, which were always situated in fertile and sheltered places. We know that claret was imported into Hull in the eleventh century. King John drank claret himself and was anxious that his subjects should not be overcharged for it, so he fixed the retail price at sixpence per gallon. At his death in 1216 he owed a considerable wine-bill to the Commune of Bordeaux, for which they never got more than eleven shillings in the pound. His successor, Henry III, did business in claret on his own account, and in 1243, finding himself rather overstocked, he ordained that no other wine should be offered until his own had found a market: an early instance of Government interference with commerce by hoarding and restrictions. From Chaucer's "Shipman's Tale," it appears that sailors had no more scruples then than they have now about pilfering from wine cargoes, and as there were then no iron bulkheads to contend with, their opportunities were good. It was necessary, therefore, for wine merchants to travel themselves, or to send someone in their interest to look after their property. The wine merchants themselves were well looked after in those days, for King Edward II in 1309, thinking they were making too much profit, fixed the price of the best wines at fivepence per gallon, and ordered some of the wholesale houses who had opened taverns for retail trade to give up that branch of their business.

During the year 1350, vessels to the number of 141 cleared at Bordeaux for England laden with wine, and this large trade seems to have increased during the remainder of the century, notwithstanding a great rise in freights occasioned by wars. A charter-party dated 1395 shows that a whaler called the *Trinity* was taken up for the round voyage to the claret ports and back to U.K. She was to get 14*s*. to 16*s*. for ports on the east coast of Ireland, and 18*s*. if ordered to Beaumaris or Chester. There is no quotation for Liverpool. It must be remembered that this important trade was not a foreign one, for all the wine-growing districts of south-western France were English territory during three centuries. After 1453, when these provinces came finally under the French Crown, English traders were hampered in every possible way, and in retaliation the Bordeaux merchants and their ships were burdened with restrictions in English ports. The consequence was that trade with the Gironde fell off very much, and began to flow in other channels. Thus the wines of Burgundy were brought before English buyers at Rouen, and the white wines of the Rhine received more attention.

In the reign of Henry VIII the taste for stronger wines had increased in England, and wine from Spain and Portugal began to be freely imported. But the popular beverage was ale, spirits being known only as a medicine. The art of distillation had been discovered long before by the Arabian alchemists in their search after the philosopher's stone and the elixir of life. The first mention of alcohol is in the eleventh century by Abulkassim, an Arabian physician. The most wonderful properties were ascribed to it, but its production, carried on in small alembics for several centuries, was very limited, and the drinks of the English people during "the spacious times of great Elizabeth" were ale and wine. During her reign Spanish wine came into common use under the name of sack, a word which is simply the Spanish *secco*—dry. But the Elizabethans liked their sherry not too dry, and they mixed it with hot water and sugar, making what we call negus. The sherry of those days must have been the same as it is now, for when it was shipped very young for the sake of extra profit it behaved precisely as our cheap sherries do if imported at low alcoholic strength.

Distillation not being sufficiently advanced it could not be fortified with spirits, and lime was put into it to check the fretting of secondary fermentation. It must have been some of this young sherry that caused Falstaff to blow up the waiter at the Boar's Head: "You rogue! There's lime i' this sack, too! There's nothing but roguery to be found in villainous man—yet a coward is worse than a cup of sack with lime in it." (*I Henry IV*, 2.)

The restoration of Charles II was also a restoration of drinking, as testified by the bacchanalian ditties of the period. Claret continued to be a favourite wine in England during the seventeenth century, especially in the sister kingdoms where ale was not well known. On the table of an Irish gentleman or of a Highland chieftain the red wine of France was to be found in profusion. In the Western Highlands some of the lairds were impoverishing their estates to keep the bowl flowing, and even tenants and crofters were wasting money on wine brought to them by French smugglers. This led to an ordinance by the Lords of the Privy Council of Scotland, dated July 23rd, 1622, prohibiting masters of vessels from carrying wine into those districts, forbidding absolutely its sale to the common people, and putting the lairds on a fixed allowance. It is amusing to observe what was considered a reduced allowance of claret for a Highland gentleman's household in the seventeenth century. Mackinnon of Skye and Maclean of Coll were restricted to four hogsheads each—about 80 dozen bottles—whilst for chieftains such as Clanranald and Macleod of Dunvegan the year's supply was to be 12 to 16 hogsheads. But a new magnate now arose in Scotland, namely, John Barleycorn, his advent hastened, most likely, by those very restrictions. During the eighteenth century ale and whisky came into general use in Scotland, and Burns, writing in the latter half of the century, remarks of his countrymen:—

> **Wi' tippenny he fears nae evil,**
> **Wi' usquebagh he'd face the deevil.**

Claret, however, still maintained its place among the wealthier classes in Scotland and Ireland, and Burns's account of the contest for the whistle, which took place in 1790, gives an idea of the drinking customs of the period.

The prolonged war with France which broke out at the end of the seventeenth century created an important change in the wine-drinking habits of the English people. The price of claret rose to three or four times its former figure, and in 1703 a treaty was concluded with Portugal by which the wines of that country were to be admitted at one-third less than the duty charged upon French wines. English merchants had settled at Oporto, and the impetus given to the production of red wine on the Douro was such that by the middle of the eighteenth century claret in England was almost superseded by port. At that period the consumption of port in England was much larger than it is to-day. Indeed, the demand could only be met by obtaining similar wine from other countries, and forcing it by artificial means to resemble real port until falsification became a crying evil. The juice of ripe grapes fully fermented until its grape sugar has been almost entirely converted into alcohol, then carefully purified and matured by age until its crude alcohol has partly developed into ether, is a very kindly beverage, aptly described by the French as "the milk of the aged."

From this cursory review of alcoholics, extending over forty centuries, we see that strong drink has always been a helpful or a harmful element in the scheme of human affairs. We see that there has been a liquor problem in every age; that warnings against the abuse of strong drink, and measures adopted at various times to prevent or mitigate its baneful consequences have never been more than partially effective. We see how a gift of Providence "able to inspire new hope and to wash away the bitters of care," as Horace puts it, may be turned from a blessing into a curse by the folly of man, and may become a menace to the welfare of nations. The nuisance and danger of inebriety have been magnified in our time by the vastly increased production and wide distribution of alcoholic drinks, and if they are to be looked upon as a gift it is too dangerous a gift to be handled so unguardedly as they were during the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. The fact that a highly civilised nation, numbering more than a hundred millions of people, should have resolved upon absolute prohibition is a sign that the conscience of mankind is awakened and alarmed. If this drastic measure

on the part of the United States does not meet with all the success it deserves, it will at least check the evil it set out to cure, and will advance the social change of view that has taken place since the days when inebriety was regarded as a matter of course, to be tolerated with a smile, and when fools assumed a right to be suffered cheerfully. Measures of State control in parts of England, Canada and elsewhere, less drastic than that adopted by the United States, avoid the disadvantage of taking the supply of alcoholic drinks out of responsible hands and leaving what remains of it to unscrupulous law-breakers. Moreover, the cost of enforcing such a law, coupled with a loss of revenue, is not incurred; the mischief is obviously lessened in localities where these experiments have been tried; whilst the moderate drinker and the invalid are not penalised for the sins of a small minority.

The fascination exercised by alcohol over certain temperaments resembles the strange fascination of the burning candle over the fluttering moth. How these hapless human moths should be dealt with is a question not easily answered. Shakespeare's sympathy with them is evident when he makes Hamlet, after denouncing the drinking customs of his time, go on to plead :—

> **So, oft it chances in particular men,**
> **That for some vicious mole of nature in them,**
> **As in their birth,—wherein they are not guilty**
> **Since nature cannot choose his origin.**

These men, "their virtues else be they as pure as grace," are condemned for one particular fault, and Shakespeare follows up his humane plea with a concrete example. The story of Cassio in the second act of *Othello*, his downfall through drink, and the remorseful groan wrung from him in his distress, is, to the understanding heart, perhaps the most pathetic page of Shakespeare's writings. Happily the story ends with the restoration to place and honour of "a soldier fit to stand by Cæsar and give direction."

That prevention is better than cure goes without saying, hence the taxation, restrictions and prohibition to which recourse is being had. But if legal constraint is in some cases obviously right, in other cases it is obviously wrong. Compulsion is therefore not yet authorised by law in England, but voluntary retirement for the purpose of cure

is encouraged, and a number of establishments now open for the reception of inebriates are endeavouring by various methods to break the chains of a pernicious habit. Their course occupies from a few weeks to a couple of years, and their main thesis is the inculcation of common-sense supported by the will to be cured on the part of the patient. By means of moral suasion and patience—infinite patience and pity—most of them are doing beneficent work. But they do not pretend to be infallible, for among the victims of the drink habit there are weak natures in which the craving reaches a phase of lunacy. Such cases are influenced more by fear of consequences than by higher motives, and a law permissive of their control might do more for temperance than absolute prohibition. The power of legal restraint under proper safeguards need only be put into operation on rare occasions and as a last resort, but the knowledge that it exists, emphasised by an occasional example, would act as a strong deterrent. Social customs tending to promote the too free use of strong drink would be discountenanced, and many a poor waverer would owe his salvation, in spite of himself, to " the rusty curb of old Father Antic the law."

Cricket in Fiction and Poetry

By Percy Cross Standing

MANY suns have shone and showers have fallen upon "the daisied graves of dead-and-gone cricketers" since one of the most lyrical among modern singers of the summer pastime, Mr. Norman Gale, issued his challenge to all possible competitors with our British game of games:—

> What so good, when time is sunny
> And the air as sweet as honey,
> As the game of crease and wicket,
> England's proper pastime—CRICKET?

Almost needless to say, any such query proved utterly and entirely unanswerable, and the poet's invocation to the goddess of cricket remains as sweetly sane as when it was penned in, I believe, the early 'nineties.

In a paper purporting to treat of the most notable fiction and verse devoted to cricket and cricketers, it is perhaps not inappropriate that the novelists be dealt with first. And who more fitting to open with than Dickens, who, in a memorable chapter of *Pickwick*, treated us to one of the most laughable, if also most inaccurate, descriptions of a game ever written by writer of renown? It will be recalled by Dickens lovers that, while the contest between Dingley Dell and All-Muggleton was in progress, the immortal Mr. Jingle treated Mr. Pickwick and his party to a not less immortal account of a single-wicket match in a West Indian *milieu*. On this oft-quoted theme we will not touch, beyond remarking that it betrays at least as much "truth to life" as does the novelist's account of the Dingley Dell-Muggleton affair. Certainly this refers to the old top-hatted period of cricket; but that fact scarcely atones for some of the recorded solecisms. Could Dickens have been smiling on at least one side of his mobile countenance? For after the Muggleton eleven had scored 54 runs for two men out, "in an early period of the winning game Dingley Dell gave in and allowed the superior prowess

of All-Muggleton." So that the Dingley Dell team did not, apparently, bat at all! Apart from this, I would note the curious statements that the umpires were posted behind (*sic*) the wickets, that the bowler (?) called "Play!" and that the ball "fell upon the tip of the bat and bounded away far over the heads of the scouts, who *stooped low enough to let it fly over them.*"

Nor was Judge Hughes—whose birth-centenary, by the way, occurred last year—entirely free from error in his description of Rugby *versus* M.C.C. and Ground in the immortal *Tom Brown's Schooldays*. Again, however, one has to allow something for the passage of time and reform. For, in "Tom's" match, that hero kept wicket and bowled in alternate overs: this, of course, could happen, but it "isn't usual." Cover-point was placed so deep as to be "almost off the ground"; while the ball was thrown sky-high after the fall of each wicket, and comic songs and speech-making enlivened the luncheon interval!

Turn we now to Miss Mitford, who, in *Our Village*, included a perfectly delightful bucolic cricket-match—a veritable *tour-de-force* for a woman writer. It was played between two neighbouring villages for "honour and supper and half a crown a man," and the author's appreciation of "our" parish's eleven coruscates with palpitating rural life: "Joel Brent, labourer, excellent. George Harris, slow but sure: I think the proverb brought him in. Tom Coper—oh, beyond the world Tom Coper—the red-headed gardening lad whose left-handed strokes send her spinning a mile. . . What a glorious sensation it is to be for five hours together winning, winning! always feeling what a whist-player feels when he takes up four honours, seven trumps." And this "winning" feeling, albeit James Brown, the blacksmith, was not available, he having been incontinently called away to a neighbouring village green by a fair, if illiterate charmer who addressed him thus: "Mistur browne, This is to inform You that our parish plays Bramley men next monday is a week, i think we shall lose without yew, from your humbell servant To command, Mary Allen." Miss Mitford, incidentally, appears to have coined that expressive if slightly barbarous term "cricketical."

George Meredith was, as most of us are aware, a son of

Hampshire. Perhaps this close kinship with the cradle of cricket partially accounts for the excellence of the games so vigorously portrayed in *Evan Harrington* and *Harry Richmond*. It is a pity that he left the Fallowfield *versus* Beckley match in such an unfinished condition; but this may have been merely an example of the Meredithian "masterly pathos of disguised simplicity." Thoroughly English is the coachman's happy definition, in *Harry Richmond*, of the great game as "lots of running, and that's good; just enough o' taking it easy, that's good; a appetite for your dinner, and your ale or your port, as may be the case, good number three; add on a tired pipe after dark, and a sound sleep to follow, and you say good-morning to the doctor and the parson; for you're in health body and soul, and ne'er a parson'll make a better Christian of ye, that I'll swear."

Anthony Trollope, in his fantastic novel, *The Fixed Period*, went to the extreme of imagination for his cricket. The year was 1980, the match England *v.* Britannula, the teams fifteen a-side, the playing space so vast that one only saw the game with the aid of field-glasses, and wicket-keepers and batsmen were equipped with heavy armour! Trollope's is pleasant fooling, and unquestionably deserves its place among the cricket-matches of fiction.

Mr. Horace Hutchinson's *Creatures of Circumstance* and *Peter Steele the Cricketer* provide capital reading, but, among quite modern novels, Mr. H. A. Vachell's *The Hill* and Ian Hay's *Pip* may be said to contain the best cricketing fiction. In fact, the inter-school match in *The Hill* is probably the finest example of such writing so far credited to any novelist. Concerning *Pip*, we learn that "the morning papers referred to him as 'that phenomenal trundler the young Middlesex amateur'; the sporting press hailed him as 'the left-handed devastation merchant'; and the evening specials called him Pip, pure and simple." Better than all, the girl he loves teaches him how to bowl "round the wicket."

I have merely made mention of Mr. Horace Hutchinson's cricketing fiction; but it is necessary to devote a few words to his idyllic hamlet of Little Pipkin and to the lifelike figures of Robert Burscough and Mr. Slocombe. The latter, who was the parish clerk, picturesquely classifies

his father, once the fastest bowler in England, as having been "as big round his arm as I am round the leg." But interest generally centres around the doings of Robert, who eventually captains his county team, appears for the Gentlemen against the Players, and assists his country in an imaginary contest with an Antipodean eleven. In this latter event, indeed, he actually hits up a century after four of the England side have been dismissed for a beggarly 50! The cricket throughout this story is very unmistakably "the real thing," Mr. Hutchinson knowing "the" game just as intimately as he knows golf. But the accompanying love romance is scarcely so satisfactory, seeing that Robert's adored Sibyl jilts him in order to marry a rival (also a cricketer, an Etonian bowler to wit), so that all does not quite end "happily ever after."

And what of the poets of the greensward? The first, apparently, who attempted a rhyme on the subject was Joseph of Exeter (A.D. 1180), who wrote: "The youths at *cricks* did play throughout the merrie day." But, as this is a thought too early for our purpose, we may come down the ages to the eighteenth century, when a whole host of singing-birds warbled lustily, if not invariably harmoniously, of the joys of bat and ball. In fact, Georgian England would appear to have been almost as prolific in cricket rhymesters as in cricket players.

One "James Love, comedian," poetised so lavishly and graphically anent the memorable Kent *v.* England match of 1746 that his effusion attained the dignity of a second edition. Clergymen thenadays wrote as enthusiastically of the game as they played it subsequently, and clerics whose verses have been preserved include the Rev. Mr. Cotton, the Rev. J. Duncombe, and, of rather later date, the Rev. E. C. Lefroy. Let it be admitted at once, however, that these singers of yesteryear were not comparable with their successors of the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries. I have already instanced the dainty work of Mr. Norman Gale as enshrined in his *Cricket Songs* and *More Cricket Songs*. The select and inspired band to which he belongs also includes the late Andrew Lang and Francis Thompson, Coulson Kernahan, E. V. Lucas, George Francis Wilson, E. B. V. Christian,

and—if only for the sake of one particularly noble little poem—Sir Henry Newbolt. My allusion is, of course, to the opening stanza of his *Vitaë Lampsada*, which one never re-reads without ardently wishing that Sir Henry would give us a little more in the same strain :—

> There's a breathless hush in the Close to-night:
> Ten to make and the match to win—
> A bumping pitch and a blinding light,
> An hour for play and the last man in.
> And it's not for the sake of a ribboned coat,
> Or the selfish hope of a season's fame,
> But his captain's hand on his shoulder smote:
> "Play up! play up! and play the game!"

The cricket parodist has frequently taken his toll, notably of Shakespeare, Tennyson, Swinburne, and Walt Whitman. Andrew Lang's delightful *Ballade of Cricket*, with its precious refrain of "this is the end of every man's desire," needs no identification, and might well be read side by side with *Punch's* long-ago invocation to the slowest batsman in history—"block, block, block, At the foot of thy wicket, ah do!" Mr. Christian's "When I am out, my scorer," is also admirable fooling; while the parody of Whitman's style, which first appeared (I think) in the *Oxford Magazine*, is almost sublime in its exactness to form :—

> To slog—
> . . . To have a secret misgiving:
> To feel the sharp sudden rattle of the stumps from behind, electric, incredible;
> To hear the short convulsive clap, announcing all is over.
> The return to the pavilion, sad and slow at first; gently breaking into a run amid a tumult of applause.
> The doffing of the cap (without servility) in becoming acknowledgment.
> The joy of what has been and the sorrow for what might have been mingling madly for the moment in cider-cup:
> The ultimate alteration of the telegraph.

It was the whimsical author of *Messieurs les Anglais* who, in summing up the British public-school boy, wrote that "they only leave the nursery to enter college, where at odd moments they are given some notions of arithmetic, so that they may be able to count without mistake the points in the different games." And Mr. G. F. Wilson, in his *Cricket Poems*, slyly reminds that same boy: "For

that you curst no Hun beyond the Channel, *Fool* was your title, qualified by *flannel*."

In what he happily designates "an over of triolets," Mr. Wilson voices the divers humiliations of being caught, run out, stumped, bowled, missed, and "yorked"; but one must rest content with saying that these verses are irreproachable as to their form and immaculate as to their bright humour and intimate knowledge of the theme. As for Mr. E. V. Lucas, that witty and versatile authority on "out-of-doors," has surveyed so wide a field that it is by no means easy to particularise. One doubts, all the same, whether he has ever been in happier vein than in his *Songs of the Bat*, which contained "Willow and Cane" and the poet's ideal of the perfect life:—

> O to face fast bowling
> On a perfect wicket,
> 'Mid eleven foemen
> Bent upon your flight.
> He who's poured his soul in
> Hero-kindling cricket,
> He has lived his moment,
> He has plumbed delight.

Both in prose and verse there is something like a literature concerning the late and great Dr. W. G. Grace. These outpourings reached their high-water mark at the time of the champion's fiftieth birthday, in July, 1898. Among the many who then addressed odes to their beloved "W.G." were at least two well-known cricketers, J. P. Kingston and L. S. Wells, while "Craig"—the popular "poet of the Oval," whose lyrical efforts so many of us so often purchased at the Surrey headquarters—obliged with a set of verses which were a highly creditable performance. Almost needless to say, the poets of *Punch* indulged in frequent and happy references to "the Doctor," from the time when his friend R. A. Fitzgerald —sometime secretary of the M.C.C. and Ground and author of *Wickets in the West*—was on the staff of that journal. In fact, a *Punch* poet was quite at his happiest when—on a day in 1878 after the Australians had signally routed a powerful eleven of M.C.C.—he quizzically reminded his readers that "grace before dinner was very soon done, And Grace after dinner didn't get a run."

It is impossible, in any attempt at briefest reference to

the principal poems and ballads of "the game of crease and wicket," to refrain from mention of Mr. Jay Hickory Wood's highly diverting *Cricket Club of Red Nose Flat.* This is a narrative poem, told to a casual acquaintance—much in the same fashion as Mr. Jingle's prose narration in *Pickwick*—by a gentle Western "stranger" who claims to have founded and conducted a cricket club "'way down in ole 'Frisco." The ways of those San Franciscans were at all events drastic and original, if not perhaps strictly legal. At length the time arrived when they deemed themselves sufficiently strong (!) to challenge a touring eleven, and in due course a team arrived from Philadelphia. The game had not been long in progress when "Thunder Jack" was palpably stumped—

> And 'stead of speaking up and saying as there was a doubt,
> The umpire said as Thunder Jack was very plainly out.
> Then Jack he pulled his shooter out and drew on him a bead,
> And that there blessed umpire he went very dead indeed.
> We shouted out "Fresh umpire," but somehow no one came,
> So we guessed we'd do without one, and we then resumed the game.

After this tragedy, Thunder Jack and his partner proceeded until they had scored 97 and 93 respectively, when they declared their innings closed and put their opponents in. Eventually the Philadelphians were invited to arrange a return game, but conveniently discovered that "they had no vacant dates."

One is rejoiced to note that, at all events in the later literature of the game, there is little inclination to exploit the joys of alcoholic refreshment in relation to the healthy exertion implied in batting, bowling, and fielding. That it was not ever thus we know, but stiff drinking and heavy wagering in marquee and pavilion appear to have died out almost simultaneously. There was a time, however, when a rhyming toast to the Marylebone Club in its first home, The White Conduit Tavern, premised that "he's best who drinks most." While the corpulent Mr. Benjamin Aislabie, who played, wrote, and acted as hon. secretary of the M.C.C. until his death in 1842—the first official of the Parliament of Cricket of whom any permanent record has been preserved—became quite notorious for the number and variety of his cricketing alphabets. In at least one of these doggerel effusions he

failed to find a name to fit the final letter of the alphabet, so he feebly contented himself with: "that *z* puzzles me, so push round the bottle." It is only fair to add that the worthy Aislabie could on occasion rise to something higher than this kind of frothy nonsense.

If the subject of love and lovers is inextricably intermingled with that of cricket in numerous prose works, it is not less prominent in many a poem. One anonymous warbler of the long ago romantically apostrophises his favourite bat as "without a flaw, without a speck, smooth as fair Hebe's ivory neck." The author of *Husband and Wife at Lord's* introduces a decidedly amorous atmosphere into his description, while Mr. Gale voices the deadly animosity and frenzy of jealousy raging in the mind of one young man who has failed at the wickets towards his more fortunate batting rival, Jones:—

I see him look where Lydia sits
To note if she applauds his hits—
She does! she'll burst her gloves to bits. . . .

The collated poetry alone of the subject would fill many a mighty tome. It continues to grow steadily, and any attempt at an appraisement or extended criticism must, in the nature of things, prove unsatisfactory and imperfect. Yet would we have it otherwise? Such a continuous outpouring goes to prove that the popular enthusiasm for the greatest of all outdoor games is increasing and multiplying as never before in its splendid annals. This circumstance is all the more gratifying and instructive because the season of 1923 proved, from a weather standpoint, the worst ever experienced with one possible exception. The net result of that national calamity was merely to enshrine Willow the King deeper and deeper in the hearts and minds of his millions of adoring votaries. Such a summer (?) might well have been regarded as a final test of cricket's popularity, more particularly having regard to the already inevitable restriction of the playing period to considerably less than half the year. In the inspiring words of the refrain to the glorious old Harrow School song:—

So ho! so ho! may the courtiers sing
Honour and life to Willow the King!

The Importance of the Classics in Education*

By the Right Hon. Viscount Finlay, LL.D.

(*Concluded from page 726.*)

WHY should we learn Greek? There is a story which may have been invented by enemies of Classical education. An English bishop is said to have given three reasons for the study of Greek. The first was that it enables you to read the New Testament in the original; the second, that a knowledge of Greek gives you a pleasant sense of superiority over other people; and the third, that a knowledge of Greek often leads to positions of considerable emolument. The first of these reasons is wholly good. The second, if carried out in practice, might tend to earn for the student the reputation of being a superior person, with its usual unpleasant consequences. With regard to the third reason, one would hardly suggest nowadays to any young man whose heart was set on making money that he should take up the study of Greek as a lucrative profession. The reason why Greek is essentially a part of a liberal education is that it is the noblest of languages and supplies the key to the finest literature in the world.

It cannot be said of Greek, as it can be said of Latin, that it is essential for success in the pursuit of any secular profession. I have referred to the supremacy of Latin in the realm of law. A knowledge of Latin for the law student is not merely ornamental, it is absolutely necessary. No one can aspire to rank as a lawyer in Europe or in America without Latin. But supreme as was the Greek genius, its most brilliant ages have not left their mark on the systems of law of the modern world. It is to the more practical genius of Rome that our science of jurisprudence owes its existence. It is in what, after all, are higher regions that the Greek genius did its work. In noble lines

*Address delivered to the Scottish Classical Association. Republished by kind permission.

Virgil indicated the true elements of greatness in Greece and in Rome respectively :—

> excudent alii spirantia mollius aera
> (credo equidem), vivos ducent de marmore voltus,
> orabunt causas melius, caelique meatus
> describent radio et surgentia sidera dicent:
> tu regere imperio populos, Romane, memento;
> hae tibi erunt artes; pacisque inponere morem,
> parcere subiectis et debellare superbos.

The last three lines of this passage have been nobly paraphrased by Dryden :—

> But Rome 'tis thine alone, with awful sway
> To rule mankind and make the world obey,
> Disposing peace and war thine own majestic way—
> To tame the proud, the fettered slave to free,
> These are Imperial arts and worthy thee.

With just pride Virgil vindicated for his own countrymen the imperial arts of war and peace, while he conceded to Greece the palm in eloquence, in sculpture, in science, in all those arts which enrich and adorn the fabric of Empire. It is impossible, however, to read the lines in which he makes this partition between Greece and Rome without feeling that such Romans as Virgil ran the Greeks very hard in some parts at least of the domain which he seems to abandon to them. Greece must be loved for her own sake. She brings no dowry with her.

One of the most remarkable facts of the history of Greece is that her earliest achievements in the realm of poetry are the greatest. The *Iliad* and the *Odyssey* are the greatest poems in the literature of the world. To learn to know and to love these poems is in itself a liberal education. Keats has recorded in immortal lines his feelings when he first made acquaintance with Homer, though only through the medium of Chapman's translation :—

> Then felt I like some watcher of the skies
> When a new planet swims into his ken.

Such a discovery outweighs any amount of what is called "useful knowledge."

I am not going to bore you by plunging into any details as to the origin of these two poems. As regards the *Odyssey*, it is impossible to suppose that such a story, with a plot so skilfully constructed and so carefully

leading up to the closing catastrophe, grew out of a mere collection of isolated ballads. Inconsistencies there are in it, inferior passages added by later hands, but no one can read the *Odyssey* through without feeling that he is face to face with the work of one supreme genius, and that while the author has no doubt used earlier materials in its construction, he has so used them as to make them his own. The *Odyssey* has an immortal charm. You may recollect how it is told of Charles James Fox that after a night spent at the gaming table, he was found perfectly happy reading the *Odyssey* aloud to himself—"the best story in the world" he called it.

The problem of the origin of the *Iliad* presents more difficulty. The question is one on which great scholars have differed. But it is of such a nature that poets and men of genius, even without any special equipment of scholarship, are entitled to be heard upon it. We have expressions of opinion upon it from two great men—Goethe and Scott. It is recorded that Goethe did at one time seem to adopt the Wolfian theory, but in 1798 he declared that he was more than ever convinced of the unity and indivisibility of the *Iliad*. Scott's view goes to the root of the matter. "Some people," he said, "believe in twenty Homers. I believe in one—Nature is not so prodigal of her great poets." I believe that essentially the *Iliad* is the work of one great poet, though beyond doubt the plot has not the unity and consistency which characterise that of the *Odyssey*, and there have been grafted upon the original poem additions which may have been found to be of local interest by the wandering minstrels who recited the poem.

Homer is untranslatable. Pope's *Iliad* is a noble poem, but it is not Homer. Let me recall to your memory two passages for the purpose of comparing Homer as he is with Homer as he appears in Pope.

You will all remember the noble scene in which Helen joins Priam and his councillors on the walls of Troy. She gives Priam an account of each of the Greek chiefs as they move about in the plain below. She misses the faces of her two brothers, Castor and Pollux. She asks whether they had remained in Lacedaemon, or whether they had crossed the sea with the Greek ships, but were ashamed to

come amid the throng of warriors, fearing the reproaches that might be levelled at their sister, the guilty cause of the war. Thus she spoke, but them already the life-giving earth held, there in Lacedaemon in their dear native country.

ὣς φάτο· τοὺς δ' ἤδη κάτεχεν φυσίζοος αἶα
ἐν Λακεδαίμονι αὐθι φίλῃ ἐν πατρίδι γαίῃ.

Ruskin has selected these lines as illustrating the effect which is produced by the fixity of epithet in Homer. The earth is still the fruitful and life-giving earth, though the two brothers for whom her heart yearned lay cold and dead beneath it. One could not have a better example of the mingled pathos and restraint which characterises the Greek genius at its highest point.

No one can deny the beauty of Pope's version, but how different! Helen says:—

Yet two are wanting of the numerous train,
Whom long my eyes have sought, but sought in vain . . .
My brothers these; the same our native shore,
One house contained us, as one mother bore . . .
Perhaps their swords some nobler quarrel draws,
Ashamed to combat in their sister's cause.
So spake the fair, nor knew her brothers' doom,
Wrapt in the cold embraces of the tomb;
Adorned with honours in their native shore,
Silent they slept, and heard of wars no more.

These lines are beautiful, but they are not Homeric.

May I take one other passage in which, if I mistake not, Pope is at his very best. It occurs in the twelfth book of the *Iliad*. Sarpedon urges Glaucus to join him in the attack upon the Greek wall. Let me recall some of the lines of his speech:—

Why boast we, Glaucus! our extended reign
Where Xanthus streams enrich the Lycian plain,
. . . . . .
Unless great acts superior merit prove,
And vindicate the bounteous powers above?
. . . . . .
That when with wondering eyes our martial bands
Behold our deeds transcending our commands,
Such, they may cry, deserve the sovereign state,
Whom those that envy, dare not imitate!
Could all our care elude the gloomy grave,
Which claims no less the fearful than the brave,
For lust of fame I should not vainly dare
In fighting fields, nor urge thy soul to war—

> But since, alas! ignoble age must come,
> Disease, and death's inexorable doom;
> The life which others pay, let us bestow,
> And give to fame what we to nature owe:
> Brave though we fall, and honoured if we live,
> Or let us glory gain, or glory give!

These are magnificent lines; the sentiment is taken from Homer, but the guise in which it is presented is original.

It has been said with great truth that the speech of Sarpedon is the first embodiment in literature of the maxim *noblesse oblige*. It has taken its place in English history. It will be in the recollection of many of you that Lord Granville, better known as Carteret, in 1762, on his death-bed, after having had read to him the Articles of Peace which ended the Seven Years' War, repeated in the Greek the last lines of this speech, and declared the war the most glorious and the peace the most honourable this nation ever saw.

The language of this speech in Homer is much simpler than in Pope. I shall not attempt to put before you a translation of the lines as they were chanted by Homer. I know no English version which could bear comparison for one moment with Pope's nervous English. I confess that in this one instance it is difficult to say that Homer excels Pope. Pope does not translate, but gives us an original poem on the same subject.

The passages which I have cited are illustrations of the fact that on occasion Pope rises very high in his rendering of Homer. But it would be a great mistake to suppose from a perusal of some selected passages that Pope's poem, on the whole, can for one moment be put on the same level as the *Iliad* of Homer. You have some purple patches of surpassing splendour, but the *Iliad* far transcends it as a whole both in liveliness and in sublimity.

I think that any who may reperuse Sarpedon's speech in Homer's language will agree that it illustrates one feature of Greek literature of supreme importance from the educational point of view. I refer to the severe simplicity of style which characterises it. There is nothing flamboyant, nothing of what a distinguished judge once called "the parlance of paragraphs." There is a telling word and then silence. May I take as an illustration of what I mean two lines from another sphere of Greek

literature? I mean the epitaph composed by Simonides for the Spartan dead at Thermopylæ:—

Ὦ ξεῖν' ἀγγέλλειν Λακεδαιμονίοις ὅτι τῇδε
κείμεθα τοῖς κείνων ῥήμασι πειθόμενοι.

O Stranger, tell the men of Lacedaemon that we lie here obeying their laws.

The first feeling of some at the present day might be one of disappointment with this couplet—they might say: Is this all, with such a subject as Thermopylæ offering such boundless scope for heroics and for eloquence? I think that Carlyle somewhere says that a picture of the highest beauty may seem at first view slight and superficial, and that it is only as you gaze and continue to gaze that the beauty which is founded on the deepest feelings of man possesses your soul. The two lines—ten words in all—of this couplet, by common consent, have never been excelled for force and beauty.

I have endeavoured in this address, however inadequately, to indicate some of the grounds for maintaining our system of Classical education. Very recently, while I was engaged in preparing it, I received from New York a message which, I think, is of good omen for our cause. Mr. Bassett Moore, a distinguished jurist and one of my colleagues on the Permanent Court of International Justice at The Hague, sent to me, at the instance of the American Legation there, two documents, a reference to which may supply the deficiencies of this address and reinforce its arguments.

One of them is an address delivered on July 7th, 1921, to the American Classical League by Mr. Coolidge, then Vice-President and now President of the United States of America. That address contains an animated defence of the maintenance of the Classics in education. May I refer to a few of the many striking passages in it as showing how American thought is moving on this subject? Men, says Mr. Coolidge, must have ideals, and they find them in the Classics—in the Western world, Society can have little liberal culture which is not based on them. Without them there could be no interpretation of language and literature, no adequate comprehension of history, no understanding of the foundations of philosophy and law. The master of the Classics lives in something more than the present—

their study is unsurpassed as a method of discipline. One passage I should like to quote textually :—

> The culture of Greece and Rome is gone. . . . What those who advocate their continued study desire to bring about is the endurance of that modern culture which has been the result of a familiarity with the Classics of these two great peoples. We do not wish to be Greek—we do not wish to be Roman—we have a great desire to be supremely American. That purpose we know we can accomplish by continuing the process which has made us Americans.

The education which made those who founded our institutions must not be divorced from the education which is to make us.

I think you will agree with me that the sentiments which I have culled from the American President's address are worthy of the cause in which they were spoken.

The second of the documents sent to me is a collection of short statements in defence of Classical education by eminent Americans. I shall mention a few of them, confining myself to those proceeding from men versed in public affairs and familiar with the problems of Government and of Empire. The President I have already referred to—other names are ex-President Woodrow Wilson, ex-President Taft, Theodore Roosevelt, the well-known President; Mr. Hughes, Secretary of State; Mr. Elihu Root, a former Secretary of State and a most eminent lawyer; Mr. Lansing, formerly Secretary of State. May I read to you one sentence from the statement of Mr. Elihu Root?

> Our educational system all over the country seems to me to be getting into a bad way, and I think the chief reason is that we have drifted away from the idea of intellectual discipline as the essential thing in education, and have been substituting for disciplinary studies a vast sprawling heterogeneous mass of instruction.

I hope you will agree with me that the New World is sending into the field, not for the first time, most valuable auxiliaries in a struggle waged in Europe for the maintenance of the great traditions which we have inherited from the glorious past.

In France a marked advance for the cause of Classical education has been secured by the Decree of last year, May 3rd, 1923

By that Decree, Latin and Greek are restored to their proper place as essential to secondary education. The

Decree is based on the report of the Minister of Public Instruction, M. Léon Bérard. That report lays down the principle that mental development will never be identified with the mere accumulation of encyclopædic knowledge, and, further, that the object of secondary school training is to introduce the mind to fruitful methods rather than to burthen it with many kinds of knowledge. I quote from the translation prepared by Professor Harper of Princeton University.

The report goes on to deal specifically with the Classics :—

> The cause of Latin and Greek has probably been injured by certain arguments which have sometimes been used in its defence. The noble purpose of these disciplines, their peculiar virtue, is not that they impart to the mind a certain combination of elegance and superficial charm. Their value is that they confer solidity and moderation of judgment, for a humanistic education tends characteristically to favour the development of an analytical spirit and of vigorous, precise, and clear reasoning powers. Therefore, by giving more scope for the Classical tradition in secondary instruction, though without returning to those outworn methods which used to burden the Humanities, I have not been unmindful of what is most certain to benefit our nation.

This passage recalls, and develops and reinforces in a striking manner, what was said by John Henry Newman as to the principles that should govern all education.

The French genius is eminently practical, and it is to be hoped that all interested in education in this country will take note of the fact that, after trial of another system, France has now recognised that for the purposes of a sound education for the work of life the Classics have a unique value.

May I conclude by expressing a hope that these voices which come to us across the Atlantic and across the Channel will find an echo here, and will brace our own and other associations in this country to fresh efforts in the cause of Classical education.

The Showing-up of Over-twenty

By Stephen Southwold

The late Katherine Mansfield once said to a friend, "I always feel like a child amongst adults; I have never felt grown-up."

Having vainly waited myself for a considerable number of years for the arrival of the grown-up feeling, I have come to the conclusion that the whole thing is a myth; that, moreover, this assumption of grown-upness by human beings of twenty and upwards is a calculated conspiracy against children—a conspiracy whose object is to suppress the cheekiness of youth by an apparent possession of qualities at present beyond its reach. I beg to formulate the plain statement that no one is, has been, or ever will be, grown up.

Since this remarkable truth forced itself into my consciousness I have studied both the child and the alleged grown-up with the assiduity that a great truth demands.

My waking hours are, in the natural course of acquiring legitimate means for nourishment, equally divided between the company of children and that of their elders.

In two respects only do they differ—physically, and in a loss of ideals by what Shelley finely calls "The corruption of the world's slow stain." In every other aspect they are as alike as two peas.

But to prove this it is necessary to catch the adult conspirator off his guard. To take him, that is, when he has doffed that cloak of dignity which is the main support of the whole deception.

There are two circumstances in which a man (or, of course, a woman) gives himself away—appears as he is. First, *in vino veritas*; and second, when he is alone.

The first we will avoid. It is hitting below the belt.

For the second, a man is usually completely alone in his bath; and very often in his bedroom.

A man of forty in his bath does precisely the same as he did at four months, four or fourteen years. He sings, splashes, coos, hums, burbles, and regards his pink knees and toes (poking up from the surface of the water like some Lilliputian archipelago) with a regard of detached yet whimsical interest that you may see any night on the face of your own youngster.

When I was about eight years old I entered my father's bedroom on bare and noiseless feet. He was standing in front of the mirror, rumpling his hair and making the most ridiculous faces at himself.

To see this vast, wise and somewhat aloof creature doing a thing I often did myself moved my feelings towards him with a sudden rush of amazed affection. The all-knowing ruler had suddenly become human, equal.

But the shamed, embarrassed face he turned to me showed me somehow that I had surprised an apparently dreadful secret.

I crept away, and for some days we watched each other furtively.

It was not until later, when he had cuffed me and sent me to bed for some trivial fault, that he recovered his old position.

That cuffing (the merest flick) hurt dreadfully. It was like a friend's betrayal. I did not understand then that it was necessary for his hurt dignity.

Finally, what does science say about the mental side of the alleged grown-up? Let us clinch matters by the mouth of the psychologist: "The mentality of 50 per cent. of humanity does not develop after the age of twelve; 30 per cent. stop at fourteen; and of the rest only about 1 per cent. continue to develop after the age of fifteen." So much for grown-ups. In the words of *The Indian Love Lyrics*, "Where are you now; where are you now?"

Bishops and "Efficiency"

By Amicus Ecclesiæ Anglicanæ

Long may we enjoy our Church under a learned and edifying Episcopacy!—EDMUND BURKE (*Speech for the Relief of Protestant Dissenters—House of Commons, March 7th, 1773.*)

BISHOPS are always fair game for every prophet with a gospel and every Churchman with a grievance. They cannot hope to please everybody. They may well be satisfied if they please God. In the Great War the pacifist Press attacked them for their acquiescence in the pugnacious policy of the "pagan" State. In the present pretended peace the Duke of Northumberland has assailed them for backing the League of Nations. At the last Lambeth Conference, Dr. Marie Stopes took them to task for their failure to recognise the revelation of God in Science; and now, in despair of securing their direct conversion, she has published abroad the gospel which she first presented to them privately. When one splendid and courageous prelate spoke and voted in the House of Lords for the new Divorce Bill (1921), instead of following the official lead like a tame sheep, the ecclesiastical conscience professed to be outraged. Whether this action of the bishop's was right or whether it was wrong, it was at least a monument of honesty, ability and courage. But the official mind of the Church, so far as it gains expression through the loud shouts and vigorous pens of the Church Party, dislikes such independence, and generally secures that bishops shall be the spokesmen of its own ideas of what is traditional and safe. "Squeezing" the bishops is a phrase which has become familiar. The squeezing comes from within the Church. It comes almost wholly from the Church Party; but few bishops are found with the courage and strength to resist the process. For their lordships meet the Church at closer quarters than they meet the world; and a conflict in the ecclesiastical arena

is more terrifying than some honourable unpopularity with "secular" society.

These anomalies, never altogether absent, have become more conspicuous since the Great War. For the war made a cleavage in time which probably only those fully realise who were not too old to take part in it. It is doubtful if the older generation even understands the issues which face the generation (*æt.* 30-40) which spent four or five of its best years in some form of unprofitable conflict, or perhaps in a constant hell of carnage. As in war, so in peace, youth does the work and age takes the rewards. Youth won the war, and came back to find age comfortably ensconced and consuming the plums. There is a feeling abroad that it is time to change all this. There are too many old men in office. You may liken the spirit of discontent to that of the zealots in the first century in Palestine, and apply the Lord's rebuke to them, "Resist not evil." But the circumstances are not on all fours with those of the first century; and half the spirit of discontent is one with the persistent sense of injustice. The demand for justice is gaining ground in Church and State alike. Old Victorians do not understand it. They are inert and selfish; feeble creatures with one idea in their heads and one foot in the grave; blind to the ideas of the new generation; resolute in their refusal to admit a new revelation.

In this atmosphere the position of the Church of England might well be called precarious. To one who believes that the Establishment is the best basis for advance the outlook seems to promise reaction. At least it has become a serious question whether the Church will go forward or whether it will go back. It is in some respects so ineffective that the best and most progressive minds in the nation have no great belief in it, or even have no use for it at all. Churches are badly filled. The older generation is dropping off; the new generation has not come. The situation offers an opportunity to the vigorous spirits of the Anglo-Catholic party to re-fill the churches with a new stream of hungry souls through the lure of the mediæval system and the psychologic value of the "Confessional"; and bishops are found to bless their efforts! Liberal Churchmen, realising that religion cannot be in conflict with established truth, would prefer to culti-

vate those better and more progressive minds and find a place in the Church for them. But the bishops are mostly rather shy of what the Church Press would choose to miscall rationalism; and on the whole they find it safer to back the strongest party in the Church. An unhappy situation: here are the facts of life; there is the attitude of organised religion. But the facts of life are true. Are we then to infer that organised religion is untrue? Perhaps it would be kinder to say that it prefers to trim the truth. A dark ambiguity of public utterance would seem to commend the seeker after truth; but the undisguised blessing of official approval and practical participation is reserved for the organisers of a narrow ecclesiasticism. The great mass of English Christians, who go to make the National Church, is almost inarticulate; for, as it has been pointed out, the Englishman, unlike the Scot, is not an "Assembly man." It is the small and unrepresentative, but vigorous and expressive, company of ecclesiastical "assembly men" who gain the episcopal ear and use the episcopal influence to register their decrees. So that bishops have become less the administrators of the law than the executors of the wishes of limited majorities. Not the Law of the Realm, but the result of a communist census, has become the authority behind the policy of some of the bishops. One bishop, lately translated to an eminent southern See, having come to the bench as an Evangelical, now dons a cope and mitre to propitiate the dominant interest of Anglo-Catholicism, and perhaps to focus more effectually in himself that authority which the monarchical episcopate would otherwise with difficulty maintain on the new basis of ecclesiastical "democracy."

The issue of Prayer Book revision provides a current illustration of the point of the last paragraph. The revision of the Prayer Book, once urged by broad Churchmen chiefly in order to remove obvious archaisms of language and to correct certain expressions of outworn belief, has become the opportunity of the mediævalist to undo the Reformation. The revision of the Communion Office, which is proposed by the more extreme members of the Anglo-Catholic party, is nothing but a radical reaction designed to revolutionise the doctrinal basis of the National Church. It is being pushed by a vociferous

section of Churchmen, a section which has the weight of a majority in ecclesiastical councils, but is quite unrepresentative of English Christianity in the country at large. In the councils of the Church the silent mass of English Christians is but ill represented; and such is the chaos and topsy-turvydom of the present ecclesiastical situation that in showing deference to the majority in the *Curia* the bishops are in the same act in danger of defying the majority in the country. So deceptive is the method of determining policy by counting heads! And so sagacious was the argument of Burke that "it is not the number of people, but the reasonableness of the request, that should weigh with the House."

The uncertainty, the unrest, the flux of social life—these conditions offer the chance of a lifetime to the opportunist and the organiser. When everything is changing it is easy to make changes. It is an opportunity to improve episcopal authority into autocracy. This tendency goes ill with that freedom which is indispensable to the pursuit and proclamation of the truth. But it matches a narrow ecclesiasticism; and if the tone and temper of the bishops can be brought into harmony with the tone and temper of the ecclesiastical party, which is in the ascendant, then the organism will work as a machine without a soul. What a fall from the ideals of freedom for which we supposed that we fought the war! No wonder that bishops are overworked in these days when their time is taken up in organising an autocracy which demands a perpetual adjustment to the tactics of the party which calls the tune.

There are bishops, but all too few, who will have no nonsense, who will not give way to the pressure of the Church party, and who use the powers at their disposal to keep the members of that party in their place. All honour to their courage and their strength! But we have a suspicion that the method of appeal to the law is not quite in tune with the times. It suggests that those who appeal to it have not entirely bridged the gulf which the Great War dug between the past and the present. Repression generates revolution; and even if the revolution does not issue in violence, it will not improbably show itself in an unpleasant spirit of non-co-operation or malicious neglect of duty, through disgust at the apparent ingratitude of

authority for enthusiasm and well-intentioned effort. Liberty, trust, and love are the indispensable conditions of the happy working of every organisation; and these conditions have the healthy effect of making a great part of the organisation unnecessary.

Some bishops seem to make a great profession of these conditions of working. They are disposed to allow a large measure of *laissez faire* in matters on the margin of legality. They are made much on the Apostolic pattern of "all things to all men." But having taken these conditions for granted, they use them as the basis of new organisation in the interest of what is unhappily styled "efficiency." Bishop, archdeacon, rural dean, incumbent —from the aspect of efficiency here is nothing but a graded hierarchy of industrious babus, snowed under with schemes and files and the details of individual "characters," their accomplishments, and doubtless their misdemeanours, carefully recorded. Such is not the structure of an institution in which self-respecting men will carry on a self-respecting ministry. It is an association of serfs. It is easy to find examples of this inconsistency between profession and practice. Here is one ready made.

One bishop, who is reported to have done well in the war, and might have been assumed to have gained some understanding of post-war life and habits and spirit, holds a synod of clergy for free discussion of vital problems. But the note of autocracy is not only not wanting, but is perhaps more shrill than in other less "efficient" episcopal circles. The clergy speak by grace of the bishop, and it is needless to say that they trim their sails to the episcopal wind, and sound their trumpets to the episcopal note. The atmosphere of repression and the habit of clerical sycophancy eliminate the note of plain speaking. And then in closing speeches reflections are made about the pleasant temper and the spirit of love which characterised the contributions to the debate! The bishop in a presidential speech pleaded for freedom from uniformity (echo of Francis Bacon!), because he did not observe uniformity in nature. But he had already issued ridiculous dress regulations in the very spirit of an Act of Uniformity. He appeared himself resplendent in scarlet; but his clergy were confined to black cassocks. One suspected that he

had prescribed the wearing of cassocks for the discomfiture of Liberal Churchmen, who are not in the habit of living in those gloomy garments of ecclesiastical undress.

Unity we want, and want it badly. That is, unity of spirit, which does not necessarily mean either "reunion" or "uniformity." But we shall not get it in an atmosphere of suspicion and repression, or through the habit of episcopal "efficiency" which threatens the just liberties of the clergy. "Efficiency" savours all too much of uniformity. It fails to recognise the merits of those individual labours which have no official place in the scheme of diocesan machinery. It instinctively dislikes individuality and character and personality in the clergy. It prefers a type which will toe the line. For result—behold the scanty numbers of ordination candidates; note the indifferent quality of the few who now present themselves; and listen to the lament of ecclesiastical authority. "The whirligig of time brings in his revenges." For it is this selfsame ecclesiastical authority which has brought us to this pass, through a weak and vacillating autocracy, a fetish of "efficiency," a fear of modern theology and a general trimming of the truth.

The Church might well seem to be dead, or at least in danger of dying. The educated world laughs at the open grave which lies before us. The young men and young women, who are largely products of the period of war, find little in our services or our doctrines, and least in those which approximate most to the mediæval model, to match their aspirations and their ambitions. The company of social reformers, whose methods may be wrong but who certainly mean business, despair of even the conscience of a Church which is frightened at the conclusions of its own scholarship. The silent multitude of the unemployed have little to thank us for.

What can we do to stay the rot, and not only to stay the rot, but to go ahead and to make our religion a reality? What can we do to establish Christ's religion and make it the formidable foe of social wrong, of intellectual cowardice, of moral (or immoral) misperception of the bearing of our religion on social—and sexual—life? What can we do to make the Christian Church the true interpreter of the revelation of God in science?

Perhaps this is too large a programme to construct at the end of a short article. But this is what, as Christian citizens and Christian Churchmen, we have to face and to work out. "Efficiency" will not take us very far. It is more likely to hinder than to help. "Efficiency" borders dangerously on the denial of liberty, and therefore threatens to exclude the spirit of love. "The love of Christ constraineth us." There is the inspiration which is given to us all alike. And of their lordships the bishops we may ask to be allowed to see its manifestation in human qualities in preference to machinery; in strength, and courage, and a wide sympathy for individual idiosyncrasy (which is the secret of ecclesiastical statesmanship), and not too much tenacity of tradition in the face of the facts of life. *Angliæ Episcopi semper pavidi.* This is not a pleasant reflection on those whom we affectionately style our "Fathers in God." Yet it has been all too true in history; and it is widely true to-day—to-day when it is likely to be more disastrous than ever. For "now is the axe laid unto the root of the tree"; and nothing but a spirit of love and courage, and a policy of intelligence and strength, will avail to save us. Yet, in this day of decision, a new measure of human sympathy, a real regard for truth and learning and a resolute example of Christian courage, would enable the bishops to re-establish the National Church in the national confidence, and verify in some measure the splendid hopes of Burke:

> I wish to see the Established Church of England great and powerful; I wish to see her foundations laid low and deep, that she may crush the giant powers of rebellious darkness; I would have her head raised up to that heaven to which she conducts us. . . . I would have her give a lesson of peace to mankind, that a vexed and wandering generation might be taught to seek for repose and toleration in the maternal bosom of Christian charity, and not in the harlot lap of infidelity and indifference. . . . Long may we enjoy our Church under a learned and edifying Episcopacy.

Coal

By Major J. B. Paget

THERE is a proverb in India which says, "Pay your workman while the sweat is wet on his body," and I would add, "And pay him an adequate wage."

The above saying must appeal to every thinking man to-day. First, speaking of coal-miners, because he wishes them to have an adequate remuneration for their toil, and, secondly, because, if justice is not done them and also if they do not realise that justice is being done them, we can never have permanent peace in England's key industry, which is coal.

I do not intend to give any technical explanation which might not be grasped by and would not interest the average man, but I want to put forward a few fundamental ideas from which I think and feel harmony and good-fellowship could be obtained and maintained.

Conditions in the coal trade have not quite settled down since the late war, but if we go to statistics of the trade in pre-war days we can get something to work on. The Mine Enquiry which has just given its principal findings starts with the fundamental proposition that the provision of a minimum wage should have precedence over distribution of profits. With that finding the people of England—and I do not exclude the colliery owners—will agree. Taking a pre-war basis, it took about seven years to sink and get a colliery going into full production. Taking good years and bad years, rich mines and poor mines, and allowing that coal-mining is a wasting industry, the average profit was about nine per cent.

I would suggest that each group of collieries fix a minimum wage for each class of worker. In my opinion it is impossible to do this, with fairness to the owners and men, for the industry as a whole. The miners' calling is a hard and a dangerous one, and this minimum wage should be as generous as circumstances will allow. After paying

this minimum wage, ten per cent. of the profits, if there were that amount, should go to the owners, and any profit above that amount should be divided between the miners and the owners in an arranged proportion, again according to districts.

Miners, as a rule, are sceptical concerning the amount of the profits which they are told that the mines are making, and at times perhaps not without reason. My idea would be that fifty per cent. of the directors in each mine should be chosen from amongst the miners by themselves to serve as directors for one year, while at the end of that year another election should take place. When I have mooted this idea to people they have replied: "Yes, but you could not find working miners with enough education for the job." The same objection, before the last election, was raised to a Labour Government. I never held that view myself, and the last few months have proved that I was right. For members of a Cabinet a high standard of brains and education is essential, but to be a successful colliery director only brains and technical knowledge are required, and it surely would not be difficult to find four working miners to sit as directors on a board with four capitalists.

Now another thing that leads to trouble in some mines is the question of discipline. My idea here would be to elect twelve miners by lot to serve as a jury for one month, and any man whom the colliery manager had a complaint against would be brought before this jury, and I have not the least doubt that they would deliver the goods as effectively as the workmen J.P.'s do on the Bench. It is as important that discipline be maintained in a mine as on a man-o'-war. Not only for the sake of efficiency, but for the safety of the *personnel*.

If these ideas were carried out, it would be to the interest of both the miners and the owners to get the greatest possible amount of coal in the most economical manner.

The late Coal Enquiry under Lord Buckmaster has shown that there are mines which cannot pay a fair wage and at the same time avoid a loss, but the reason for this was not stated. It is because, yearly before the war, two per cent. of mines closed down owing to being worked out. The Government, rightly, during the war kept all mines

going, whether they paid or not and, as far as I know, this state of things is still being carried on, but this is not sound business from the country's point of view. There must be some twenty per cent. of the mines that should be scrapped. The problem is what to do with the men thrown out of employment. My solution is that it would pay good collieries to equip themselves to work double coal-getting shifts. With one shift a colliery is only running for seven hours in twenty-four, but with two shifts it would be running for fourteen hours, which, allowing for the men getting to their work and back underground, and for "snaptime," would mean eleven hours at the coal face instead of some five and a half hours. The overhead charges would therefore be lessened, the profit increased, and more men employed; but during the transition stage, while the extra shafts were being sunk, I believe that an export duty of, say, two shillings per ton could be put on to all coal exported. We export roughly about one-third of our output, which would mean eightpence for the Government on every ton raised, with which to help the men in the collieries earmarked "to be closed." It is an accepted doctrine by all good Free Traders, and I happen to be one, that it is the consumer that pays. The consumer in this case would be the foreigner.'

When the miners have suggested that the price of coal should be raised in order that the men may get a higher standard pay and the owners be encouraged to do their best through getting a higher profit, the owners have objected, because they say that the rise in price of coal would cut down consumption. Some of them may honestly think this, but I think a great many of them know that the real objection is the difficulty of tendering for contracts. Since the beginning of the war, practically throughout the world, no collieries have been sunk, but they are beginning to be sunk now; yet it will be close on ten years before we can get back to an adequate number of pits, and therefore during that time, with the exception of short periods of depression, the demand will be greater than the supply, and therefore coal-mining will be good business for well-run pits. By a well-run pit I mean a pit which is well laid out in the first instance, and well found, and has a good manager. His price is beyond rubies, as is that of

a good under-manager who is a real judge of men and can pick the right ones, and pick them where there is good house accommodation within reasonable distance of their work. The best men gravitate to a mine of this description, particularly if it is known that it is a safe mine and not fiery.

I take it, and I hope, that the Minister of Health will see that houses are built near existing mines whose probable tenure of life justifies such construction, and of course also near new ones that are being sunk.

As regards the physical welfare of the miners, the Germans are in this respect right ahead of us, and I should like to see a mission go to that country to pick their brains. The average English miner weighs, I should say, about ten stone seven pounds. He does a good day's work, and, according to present ideas, is well fed, but he is nearly always too thin. I attribute this to want of sunlight, but I do not consider his calling an unhealthy one. Living and working underground is not injurious to the health. I remember in 1896 coming with my regiment from the Gold Coast and being stationed at the Citadel Barracks at Dover. The officers complained, on taking over the barracks, that fifty per cent. of the men's living and sleeping accommodation was below ground, cut in solid rock, and none too dry. The medical authorities replied that when we found that the sick rate for the men living below ground was greater than that of those living above they would consider our complaint. It never was. The men below ground were always the most healthy. Now if we turn to New York, it has been found that people living high up in skyscrapers suffer from more nervous disease than is normal. These two concrete examples seem to me to tend to show that man is by nature a cave-dweller. To give the miner an adequate amount of sunlight seems unfortunately to be impossible, but if artificial light baths were established at every pit-head, where the men after their work could repose for twenty minutes in a state of nature, I have not the least doubt that this would add thirty per cent. to their health, happiness and efficiency as workers. I happen to know that Sir Herbert Barker and Dr. C. W. Saleeby, our greatest English authorities on the benefit of light, agree with me in this suggestion.

If my ideas were carried out the nationalisation of coal mines would die a natural death as an issue in this country. Nationalisation, in my opinion, would be for the benefit of neither the miners nor the country. It was tried in Germany before the war with a certain number of pits—the Germans showed their sense in experimenting on a limited scale before going the whole hog. These mines were paying rather better than ours did; they gave an average profit of ten per cent., but when nationalised all this profit was swallowed up through want of initiative and red tape, so the miners got no better pay, and it was also found that they preferred to be free agents rather than to work for the Government as their master. I see no reason to doubt that the same results would take place here; but if the owners and men allow matters to drift it seems to me tolerably certain, if and when we get a Labour Government in power with a working majority, that they will nationalise the mines, because they will consider that they have a mandate from the people to do so. But although the nation may demand nationalisation, the average voter, being an honest man himself, would wish the Government to do the honest thing by the owners. To penalise the owners for the benefit of the community would be spoliation, and he does not want that. His idea would be: "We are going to take over this industry compulsorily, but we wish the owners to be paid adequate compensation." Now what is adequate compensation? I maintain it is the price a mine would fetch if sold by a willing buyer to a willing seller. Now if you go into the market to buy a coal mine you will find that it will cost you, according to the goodness of the pit, its length of life and various other considerations, from one to two pounds for every ton put up in a year. Say a mine puts up a million tons per annum, that mine will cost you anything from one million to two million pounds. This price is arrived at by taking the aggregate profits per ton over a number of years and buying at ten years' purchase. Say the profit is 2*s.* per ton and the output a million tons, this will give the value of the mine at one million sterling. I am credibly informed that those in favour of nationalisation suggest buying the mines out at ten shillings per ton annual output. This would mean, for a mine turning out a million tons, £500,000; but they do not

propose paying this amount in cash, but in coal bonds bearing about three per cent. interest. These on the market would thus have a value, not of one pound, but of something more like ten shillings. So the owner of a mine worth, say, two million pounds would get a quarter of a million, which would be grossly unfair to the shareholders.

As I have said before, the only fair and sensible way of taking them over would be to have every mine valued and purchased on its merits.

It has been the custom of the Government on compulsorily acquiring, say, land, to give the market price, plus ten per cent. for compulsion. I would suggest that nothing should be given the colliery owners for compulsion, but that this ten per cent., or a part of it, should be handed to the royalty owners to buy them out once and for all.

The users of household coal are mystified why the price of coal as supplied to them is so much greater than the price of coal at the pit's mouth. They may see, for instance, that the collieries are selling coal at, say, 17*s.* 6*d.* a ton, and they may wish that they could get it for double that amount, but they overlook the fact that the 17*s.* 6*d.* is the price of all grades of coal, including slack. Probably at the present time the prices of best household coal would be about 23*s.* at the pit's mouth in the Midlands. The railway companies will charge about 10*s.* a ton for haulage to London, and the owners of the waggon about 2*s.* a ton for the use of the waggon, making a total at a London terminus of 35*s.* a ton. The coal merchant, or the colliery agent as he likes to be called, then has to sack the coal and deliver it to the consumer. What this costs him, together with his overhead charges, I have no means of knowing, but I am inclined to think that Mr. Shinwell, the Minister for Mines, can and will find out, as I am told that he has got a better grip of the coal-mining problem than any of his predecessors, and I say this as a Conservative and also as a director and a shareholder of a colliery.

Cornish Wilds

By H. J. Massingham

"CHARACTER," spoke the oracle, "character is a more valuable element than culture in the life of a nation like the British." For days, even weeks, I had been half dreaming, half thinking about Cornwall, and this ridiculous, importunate fly-imp of a sentence kept on buzzing round me, settling on my nose, crawling up my sleeve, striding along the bridle-path of my hair, until I thirsted for its blood. Many times I flattened it out, but it always returned, so that in time I had elaborated enough argument in my head not merely to hew that fly limb from limb, but to carry me to the toe of Cornwall and back with the proceeds. Why cannot you suffer bishops gladly, I argued with myself, or is it that you cannot let pass so gross an insult upon the worth of your countrymen? Indeed, it is really too hard, even upon a modern industrial nation, when we consider that the sole method of penetrating the "character" of every civilisation known to us in the past—Egyptian, Pacific, Minoan, Mycenæan, Hellenic, Mesopotamian, Chinese—is through their culture. By their works of art in their growth and flowering and decay shall ye know them,* and our own perhaps will be known to posterity, because, though in its latest phase it has belittled the arts and narrowed their range, yet almost as much against its will as its knowledge it is in process of making an art of science.

I was staying in September on the Penwith uplands, which, with the Bodmin moors in the north and the Goonhilly Downs in the south, is one of the three great regions of Cornish moorland, and I had climbed Zennor Tor, which rises some 750 feet above the sea about a quarter of the way out from St. Ives to the Land's End, with a missionary purpose. It was with three friends of

* See Flinders Petrie's *Revolutions of Civilisation.*

W. H. Hudson's, to one of whom he owed much happiness and once his life from illness, and our object was to find a suitable stone among the granite boulders of the Tor on which to have inscribed—"W. H. Hudson often came here." For while he was living at Zennor, whose church tower looks no bigger from the Tor than a stepping-stone between the moors and the stone-hedged fields, and yet whose geometric relation with heath and headland and sea is so true that it is the node to them all, he often came here to travel, rather than travelled to come here. From a pearly cloud to the north, which is Trevose Head, past headland and cove, and cove and headland, and out to sea beyond the Pendeen lighthouse to the Scillies, which are not a school of whales, you can travel a matter of seventy miles on a turn of the head; and behind you, again, over the purple-brown shoulders of the moor, laced with the old gold of the furze, to the other sea, and the Atlantic still. But that's nothing, for the sun is ahead of you, and sailing among its own islands and headlands with the golden moors behind them, which you can reach simply by opening your eyes. Open them well and take them in, for they are, alas! a good deal further off than can be reckoned by their mileage.

No book has ever been any use to me in trying to understand this unique peninsula, except Hudson's own, *The Land's End*, partly because Hudson's spirit is, a portion of it, Cornwall's, as a portion is Wiltshire's. One might, indeed, have inscribed the stone—"W. H. Hudson often comes here." But ultimately there is no knowing Cornwall out of books. Being unwell, I spent the whole of one day simply in looking out of the window at the slope leading up to Zennor Tor, and feeling at the end of it as I did when I left school—that I had spent six years in learning that I had learned nothing. There is no green anywhere on the moors, except that darkest green of the furze, which is a shade, almost a bloom that shifts to glaucous in the autumn, rather than a colour, and there are no trees, which would be as out of place there as Cleopatra's Needle is on the Embankment. Even the bushes do not break up the lines and contours of the moor to anything like the same extent as do the cairns and granite piles and Neolithic monuments. They look, one

and all, as though they had been reared by some monstrous semi-human brood of Nature, so mythically human-like is the piling of the slabs of granite set one upon another on the summits of the slopes, and the formation of the cliff castles on the headlands; so savagely natural seem the quoits and cromlechs that abound upon these once populous solitudes. On the tops of many of the natural cairns there are often little hollows scooped out of the rock, and filled with water to serve as bathing pools for the small birds. Surely they must have been made with hands, but they were not, unless it was Nature herself in her personified form who delved them for that purpose. But, unlike the granite, the bramble, furze and blackthorn do not play Ajax with the elements, nor bide the pelting of the wind, but, huddling, twisting, creeping close to the hollow soil, become its very garment. The shuffling badger that lives among the cairns, the little pennywort or navelwort that hangs its bells in their safe niches, are not in their way more reticent than is the gorse. Even so, the Atlantic gales have nibbled off their tops and mounded them into tiny ranges, through which the ling forces its purple spires, so that the flowers of each plant grow intermingled, in pressed clusters and on the same level. This blending is wonderfully beautiful, for the September gorse (*Ulex nanus*), which is a sub-species or variety of *Ulex europæus*, that sets the moors in points of smokeless flame in spring, is of the deep but subdued colouring of old gold. In wide patches grow the bents or white moor-grass, all silver and silk, and of a texture so fine that when the wind ripples their surface, it is as though its wavelets had suddenly become visible. The same wind takes the waters in its grip and crunches the ships to tatters and pounds and crumbles the granite into the mazy sculpture of the coves, and shatters even the ironstone with its fist!

One day as I sat on Zennor Head, I saw Cornwall rise out of nothingness, as it once rose out of the sea and has remained, the massive barbarian Anadyomene, for ever unchanged. All day the Atlantic mist had covered it in a grey night, until all of a sudden it broke and trailed in thin scud off the armoured hide and warted snout of the Gurnard's Head. In a few moments the whole grim land

came to itself. Again the suggestion was that contending races of semi-human giants had fought their last battle and annihilated each other the day before you came. The heaped boulders washed by the "still-vexed" Atlantic three hundred feet below hide the body of one of them, and the broken tower on the edge of the abyss that the pressure of a butterfly might surely topple over into it was what he did against his enemy before he died. So this was the peninsula of Cornwall. But it wasn't; it was its rudiments, a quick passing glimpse of its "character" and original design.

How very different is its expression of that "character," its "culture," if I may fall back upon the bishop. The subtle delicacy and variations of the moorland colouring are really a match for those of the sea and the light of setting suns, that sea of Madonna blue which inshore becomes the emerald shade of the shags' eyes, and breaks into an embroidery of dazzling white round the isolated grey stacks where they stand like idols of carven jade. The moorland is a match for sea and sky, not so much in brilliance, except when the gorse is flaming in the spring, as in depth. The colour, that is to say, does not appear as painted over the earth, as one often feels it to be in Devonshire, for instance, but its natural complexion. The moors seem to blush their colouring, and to distil it from their strength so that the words "a sense of something far more deeply interfused" become living and dramatic.

In many other ways, too, the Cornish wilderness is a stage for a kind of pageant of evolution. It presents the steepest contrasts between the beginnings and the prime of things, the primitive and the complex, the mighty and the fragile, the bare and the luxuriant, the material rude and raw and perfection. The appearance of the north coast between St. Ives and "dark Bolerium, seat of storms," is grandly symmetrical, in spite of its ruggedness, the often fantastic shapes of the cliff castles and the headlands with their vaguely beastlike and humanlike effigies, and the rock-litter in the coves. It is along the flanks of these coves where the tiny troutleted streams go bounding and twisting among the boulders that the brute force of Nature runs headlong into luxury. The furze quite loses its moorland

habit here and becomes almost treelike in its excess of growth, while the bramble and ivy and blackthorn form thickets so dense that there is no forcing a way through them. "To live rightly," says Havelock Ellis in a study of St. Francis, "we must imitate both the luxury of Nature and her austerity." Then it would be well to live in Cornwall, only there is much more in it than these two bits of contrasting mosaic to fit into the general pattern.

One day, while I was lying on Zennor Tor, I took my eyes off the boundless scene of cloud and cape, of billowing moor and sky and sea so melted into the atmosphere that the ships seemed to hang suspended in a haze of shifting, opalescent hues, and by chance rested them on the grasses a few inches away. Pell-mell up their stems were climbing hundreds of ants which had just acquired their wings. Up they clambered until they reached the seeded tips, poised themselves against a background of all space, and, opening their transparent webs, launched out into the air. So the tapestried ferns and the tiny gem-like flowers growing in the ravines beside the brooks possessed a special emotional value in contrast with the towering wall of plutonic rock enfolding them and the rankness of the growth within their shelter.

Bog pimpernel, a creeping plant with foliage a trifle like the green spleenwort's and with pink flowers of an aerial grace and tint, was tucked away out of sight, and with it the pale yellow stars of the marsh hypericum that would shine in Beddoes's "Song" more appropriately than the cold and distant one he chose:—

> **Tell me how many beads there are**
> **In a silver chain**
> **Of evening rain**
> **Unravell'd from the tumbling main**
> **And threading the eye of a yellow star.**

There, too, was the minute campanula, the ivy-leaved bell-flower, whose curly-haired brother, little boy-blue, the Jasione or sheep's bit, shook its head on the drier ground between the toes of some granite colossus. The tracery of *Campanula hederacea*, with its hair-like stems and slips of leaves as fragile as the single purple flowers, is of so perfect an elegance that the finest filigree work would look plebeian beside it.

These flowers are like the notes of linnet, wheatear, who often winters here, titlark, and stonechat, whose songs possess a rarefied value in the waste its singers inhabit. The lesser skullcap and the lousewort grow in the boggy parts of the moor, the greeny-white orchid, Spiranthes, in the rough pastures that smoothly grade from and into the moor, and whose stone-hedges are gardens of ivy, furze and ling, and figured with grey and orange lichens. These dainty ones and others like them, how lightly they rested upon this huge and hard bulk of Nature, as though all its labour of old had been to create them! The ravines high above sea level were even richer in ferns than in flowers, though these cannot enter into the soul nor link it with the soul in Nature, as can flowers, being rather the symbols of Undine before she gained a soul. Yet when you see them growing so delicately among the rocks, the male, shield and lady ferns, the hart's tongue and the spleen-worts, osmunda and polypody, you are inclined to think it was they who procured her it. Above them cruises the great Anax dragon-fly, mailed in sapphire, and him you may liken to a bold, bad angel without feeling at all daring yourself, since *The Times* has lent its solemn authority to the material existence of angels. Yes, let it be a glittering bad angel, for the evil spirits of this world are so drab.

The people of West Cornwall that strike one at once as being stranger and more foreign than Frenchmen, Danes, Dutch and Germans, have been fully described by Hudson in *The Land's End.* He classes them as Celts, as I believe most anthropologists do, with very little admixture of other blood in them. Personally I doubt this, and it is my firm belief, which I do not pretend to be able to support with learning, that the dark races of the Cornish peninsula are not Celts, but Azilians, the aboriginal Iberians who crossed over to England from Spain at the break-up of the last glacial period, when the southern land-bridge with the continent still existed. They are not at all like other and indisputably Celtic peoples, and it may be that their mental childishness and the poverty of the imaginative spirit and creative faculty in them, upon which Hudson comments, may be due to their greater age than that of Celt and Saxon and Dane, none of whom can be held to be deficient in the poetic sense, none of whom can

be shown to have penetrated the forbidding and infertile land of Cornwall very deeply. Language and place names are by no means reliable indications of race, and anthropology has been revolutionised since the last of the books on Cornwall, nor is my suggestion such a heresy to-day as it would have been ten years ago.

At any rate, whether the dark people of West Cornwall are almost pure Neolithic aboriginals or a Mediterranean race crossed with a Celtic strain or Celt-Iberians with a tributary Danish infusion, or a fairly homogeneous Celtic nation which has diverged from the parent stock, they are a people foreign to us but more native to our land than we are, and more primitive. As such they are marvellously at one with the changeless, bony, uncivilised land where they live. Yet they are an exceedingly light-hearted, gracious and sociable people in temperament, as the merest stranger in their midst can tell, and there is nothing of the primitive Esau about them, nothing of Saxon, or episcopal, heaviness. In their relations to animals they are, or were, pure savages; in their relations to one another and the English they display an ease, tact and courtesy, a lively and amiable sensibility, which is perfectly cultivated and very delightful. In one sense they have no "culture" and little or no sense of beauty; in another, they, like the flowers and the birds and the colours, express the art and refinement of a land which is Esau indeed.

Cornwall is astonishingly poor in indigenous bird-life, though it is rich in birds of passage, from goldfinches to gannets. No land in all Britain so needs the presence of the larger birds, nor is so thwarted in its self-expression by the lack of them. One feels this absence so keenly in wandering about the country that I for one try to lock up the bird-chamber in my brain and think no more about birds until I go somewhere else. It is true that gulls, shags, cormorants, and, at certain seasons, gannets, are abundant along the coast-line, but inland one has to be content with kestrels, magpies, curlew, and occasional herons, though the diminished raven still holds out on the wilder headlands. But for him, the big soaring birds whose flight intimately reveals the "character" of the wilderness they inhabit—no, more than that, its ancient peace and that wild beauty that is like no other in the world, because it is

nearest to the eternal, nearest to the beginnings and ends of things—they have departed from the end of all the land.

The artist in whose house I was staying pointed out to me how splendid his red-hot-pokers were against a sea dyed from the vats in which Nature had dipped the wings of *Anax formosus*. I agreed, but the raven who flew past high above it soon after and pursued his mate with a note nicely balanced between a croak and a dove-like coo, seemed to me the most splendid thing to be seen in the seventy miles of land and sea visible from Zennor Tor. As wild in air the noble savage flew, he seemed to command the whole landscape, as Zennor church did the foreground, and to concentrate its power, while the swish of his wings on that calmest day seemed to indicate what the fury of the gales that rage against these iron cliffs really was in its essence. Yet what peace there was in it, too, and in that calm flight, all the cruelty seemed to be taken out of wind and fanged headland. The glory of art is to represent cruelty and horror and yet to remain steadfast in beauty.

And so, when I try to understand Cornwall, it is those lines of Marvell's *To His Coy Mistress* that persistently occur to me. I do not mean, of course, that there is the faintest resemblance between the spirit of Cornwall and of that poem. But the mood of the poem began in gallant exercise and ended by being a beautiful composite of various emotions, in which passion, reverence and pathos harmoniously agree with irony, wit and sheer playfulness. And in exactly the same way the wilds of Cornwall contain within a harmonious unity the beginnings and the prime of things, the primitive and the complex, the mighty and the fragile, the bare and the luxuriant, rudeness and an exquisite perfection, and yet the first is never really lost in the last. It becomes something different, as the wind did in the swish of the raven's wings, but, so far from being lost, its quality and essence are the more surely revealed. The bishop, when he made that insidious division between "character" and "culture," spoke words whereof he knew not the meaning, but which none the less were dark.

The Humane Killer

Why it Should be Made Compulsory

By John Dodds

Superintendent of Carlisle Municipal Abattoir

At the outset of this article let me say that no one can accuse me of insincerity or of being financially interested in the slaughter reform movement. For 25 years now I have written, spoken, and demonstrated on behalf of this movement without remuneration. Neither do I write as an ordinary citizen relying upon hearsay and common sense, but as an individual whose experience in the slaughtering of animals stretches over a period of 50 years and is not surpassed, if it is equalled, in this country.

I want to deal with certain statements made by Mr. H. Baker in an article entitled "The Humane Killer" in The English Review for March. In the first place I make bold to say that the compulsory use of a humane killer in animals slaughtered for food is long overdue. There can be no doubt that its adoption would abolish a vast amount both of cruelty and unintentional infliction of suffering inseparable from the old methods. The repeated blows which animals often receive from the pole axe, the flat hammer, and other implements, before being rendered unconscious, could not occur with the humane killer. In order to allay any possible doubt in the minds of any of my readers let me say that I possess abundant evidence on this matter. Only recently, in the Glasgow Abattoir, I myself saw a poor animal receive a pole axe puncture near the eye, after which it was thrashed with the flat axe in order to get it back into position for another blow. At Belfast and other places I have examined heads with many punctures and also witnessed more suffering than my readers could bear to hear described. Not once but many times have butchers said to me: How can anyone in our trade deny that these things happen? And yet official representatives of our trade do deny it. Only those whose position enables them to be in constant attendance in a slaughterhouse know of all that takes place there. I have seen an animal, which had given some trouble, being attacked with a cropping knife, and another, whose head was swollen with repeated blows, have the skin cut away from its forehead to allow the pole axe to puncture more

easily. The manner adopted to pull animals down with a slip-knot rope, until often half choked, the throwing of dust into their eyes to prevent their seeing the operator, and many such tricks, only too common, belong to an antiquated method of slaughtering which calls for immediate suppression. It can easily be replaced by up-to-date humane methods.

None of the objections raised against the use of the humane killer will hold good. I have demonstrated with these instruments in Northumberland, Durham, Cumberland, and Scotland for 20 years and never yet met a man who could find fault with the free bleeding of the animals and, though I have invited criticism, I have not found anyone who could point out to me faulty setting, or challenge the keeping quality of the meat. Carlisle has given a reply to these questions, which has never been disproved. For nearly a quarter of a century the use of the humane killer has been compulsory on cattle in our city. During that time seven representatives of the meat trade have been on the City Council. To-day one butcher is an alderman; another, who carries on a large business, sits on both Health Committee and Slaughterhouse Committee, and never once in all these years have they made any request for the removal of the compulsory clause. Let me quote one of them here. In a letter before me he says: "I highly recommend the humane killer for safety and quickness. I get the animal bled more easily, the blood flows freer, owing to the neck not being crooked. As to the keeping quality of the meat, I find no difference, except that in some cases it keeps better, owing to the cattle having been quiet and not excited, as I have seen them with the pole axe. I would not go back to the pole axe or hammer again." These are the words of one of the seven gentlemen I have referred to. I think I am justified in saying that Carlisle gives the answer to all who oppose the humane killer on cattle.

I can only briefly touch on one or two of the points raised in the article to which I am referring. Why the writer has brought the farmer into this question I have some difficulty in understanding. I am continually in touch with farmers and am amazed to hear it stated that pig breeding is the main source of their income. Some farmers I know will not have one pig on their place, many

keep only a sufficient number to supply bacon for their own domestic use, and, in any case, it can, speaking generally, only be a side line to them. I have never noticed farmers taking any interest in how their pigs are slaughtered. The assertion that the bacon trade would be ruined, were humane killing made compulsory, is simply ridiculous. It is the cry of all opponents to reforms that someone will be ruined by their accomplishment, but it seldom turns out to be the case. It is a mere assertion which is not substantiated by any available evidence.

As space is limited, I will pass over points 5, 6, and 7 in Mr. Baker's article, merely stating that long experience and accumulated evidence go to prove them false. The point I want to deal with at some length is whether or not blood spots or "splashing" in pork is the result of the shooting of the pigs. Does the heart's action cease immediately after a pig has been shot? The vigorous reflex action and the manner in which the bleeding occurs demonstrate to the trained observer that both the heart and lungs are still in action. There is no reason why the bleeding should be impeded. Close personal observation and long experience enable me to state definitely that "splashing" occurs in swine quite independently of the method of slaughtering, and has nothing whatsoever to do with it. I have frequently seen it in cattle, and remember one very fine heifer, the meat of which was so badly splashed as to be unsaleable. In this animal there were no outward signs indicating the state the flesh was found in when cut up. That animal was slaughtered with the pole axe. I have before me now one of the finest specimens of splashed pork I have ever seen, which has been sent to me for inspection; and this pork is from an unshot pig. Mr. Carghan, of the firm of Carghan & Gray, who have factories in Carlisle and Belfast, and are large importers, as well as slaughterers, and through whose hands thousands of pigs are passing, informs me that they find "splashing" in pigs slaughtered by every method, by far the largest percentage being in Irish pigs which have not been shot. He states as his opinion that the shooting has nothing whatsoever to do with it, and that the cause is unconnected with the slaughtering itself. I have asked a slaughterer engaged in a firm of bacon curing in one of our large cities, and his answer is precisely the same,

even in regard to the statement about Irish pigs, and he was perfectly ignorant of Mr. Carghan's views. Recently I obtained permission from a very large firm of pork butchers to shoot a sow with the humane killer and to compare it with one that had been pole-axed. The shot pig was beautiful and white, and well set, while, in the other one, many of the veins were not drained of blood. I hold a report from the owner endorsing my report on the shot pig and stating that no fault could be found with the carcase. Another man who, like the pork butcher just mentioned, does not use the humane killer, asked me to shoot three large pigs, about 280 pounds each, as their heads were so hard that he usually had a difficulty in getting the other instrument in. He now informs me that the pigs are cut up and are in excellent condition, the meat being white, with no spots or splashing. It has been suggested to me by professional men that the cause of "splashing" of the meat may be a rise of temperature in the animal due to exposure to cold and damp, or to over-exertion. Certain it is that it is entirely unconnected with the actual process of killing.

In conclusion I would like to formulate what I consider should be the minimum demand of every civilised nation in regard to the methods by which their meat supply is produced:

1. The animals must be considered.
2. The compulsory use of mechanically operated humane killers.
3. The licensing of all slaughtermen.
4. The establishment of public slaughterhouses.
5. The inspection of slaughterhouses.

We are indebted to the animals for food and clothing. They serve us well in every way. It is time we considered how to repay our debt. I do not for a moment accept Mr. Baker's assertion that 99 per cent. of the meat trade are opposed to the introduction of new and humane methods of slaughtering. I am in constant touch with butchers and slaughtermen all over the country, and my experience goes to prove that the statement is incorrect. But, even were it so, the last word in this matter is necessarily with the consumer, and it is an undoubted fact that public opinion is strongly in favour of legislation making compulsory the use of humane killers.

Dignity and the Drama

By Horace Shipp

The Ring Cycle (Covent Garden)

LONDON to-day as represented by its more socially minded inhabitants has grown a little self-conscious with the weight of Empire. We are "At home" to the world. The great Exhibition at Wembley voices our invitation to all and sundry to visit us this season; and now, as the first arrivals appear on our threshold, we may well glance anxiously around to see that everything is in order for their coming. At Wembley itself the dignified architecture of the various Governmental buildings, the great Palaces of Industry, Art, and Engineering, the spacious grounds and the great Stadium, rise to the occasion. London itself in the early summer weather is as excellent a city as any in the world, and if we have a tinge of regret it is that Kingsway, our show street of modern architecture, is at this moment of all moments being torn up by a particularly nerve-racking type of road-breaker. For the rest we may be permitted a little thrill of conscious pride. I had just arrived at this point of exaltation a few days since, and was pointing out to a Continental visitor the exquisite sky-line from St. James's Park as though I had designed it with my own hand, when he demanded to know what the theatre had to offer.

The theatre. It was not so easy. He came from a city wherein during an off-season I had been bewildered by the choice of good opera, classics of every literature in Europe including our own, and modern work of the first degree of interest and experimentation. I tried hard to visualise the theatre guide. Shakespeare was represented by the Old Vic performances. The rest of the English classics were represented by *The Way of the World* at the Lyric. Modern drama claimed Shaw's *Saint Joan* with thanksgiving, and *The Conquering Hero* and *Our Betters* with some hesitation. I thought hard around the dozen or so plays which have been produced during the last few weeks, and had perforce to dismiss them in face of the standards

which our Continental visitor would certainly apply. Brilliantly acted bookstall stuff, it was hardly likely to pass the judgment of this man brought up to regard the theatre as a home for successive masterpieces. *White Cargo*, then just produced, I had not seen, but had hopes for it, since the theme took it a little nearer to fundamentals than our usual drawing-room drama permitted, and because Mary Clare and Franklin Dyall would be so certainly fine.

I took refuge in two things likely to satisfy him—the season of Grand Opera at Covent Garden and the production of *Man and the Masses* at the Stage Society. It was not a very conspicuous triumph for the English theatre. *Man and the Masses* is perhaps the most noteworthy of modern German Expressionist plays, and had had wonderful production in Berlin, and the opera also hailed from Germany. Our own British National Opera Company were not due to commence their season at His Majesty's Theatre until June 5th, and even the Carl Rosa had not yet opened at The Scala.

If the English theatre was failing to "do its bit" towards imperial dignity in the West End, it was doing no better at Wembley Exhibition itself. No actual theatre had been built there, in spite of an offer to organise the visits of twelve representative English theatre companies producing the best things in our dramatic literature. Thus exiled, the theatre is represented there by three remote rooms in the Palace of Art, from the walls of which a collection of photographs and drawings of the long-dead great ones of the English stage look reproachfully from their frames. There are also five historic models.

It must be admitted that my task as guide to the contemporary English theatre was no easy one, unless brevity may be called ease. I could only talk in retrospect of the Theatre Exhibition which we had held two years ago, and prospectively of Mr. Cochran's promised season of the Old Vic Company and the Comédie Française at the New Oxford. A half-hearted British victory again!

Driven to such a stocktaking one wonders whether the London stage happens to be passing through a period of particular depression; one even wonders at moments whether *The Lure* and *Toni* and *Stop Flirting* are really what the stage is for, and whether our visitors ask nothing

more than the easy A. A. Milneisms of *To Have the Honour*. But one's doubts are easily resolved when Shakespeare or Shaw or Congreve or Wagner are showing us what the theatre is really for. Poetry, wit, wisdom, and beauty stir the usually half-slumbering senses and emotion and carry consciousness to heights far above the level of common day. We move into purer air of thought on these high places. We grow suddenly understanding of much which seems obscure in the murk of ordinary life. All true art is life and nature made vivid by the artist's power of selecting and presenting essential factors. And considering that London supports more than forty theatres, we get much less than our share of this real thing, and correspondingly more of the pedestrian stuff which often hasn't the intelligence to make itself a commercial success.

That is why one sighs with relief at the opportunity of an adequate production of *The Ring*. In the absence of that specific study and intensive appreciation of music which would endow me with the power of critical analysis, I approach the *Ring Cycle* as I do any other theatre piece, accepting the difference which an operatic convention of presentation will make to me. And it more than satisfies. It thrills. For hour after hour through each evening of the epic drama one sees the beautiful unfolding of the old story which deals with every emotion and every passion of the human heart. In common with all great epic it contains the germ of the whole history of the human race—its eternal dual theme of love and power, phase after phase of its recurring conflicts. Its surface details of magic, of dragons and dwarfs, gods and heroes, do not disturb, because the—dare we say, spiritual—facts which they present are as true as when in the dawn of Northern European thought the Nibelungenlied came into being. Wagner's retelling of that story, and the loveliness of sound with which he carries its interwoven motives direct to our emotions, permit the art of the theatre to take on for a while the grand manner. It is not only the theme that is heroic, and that much above human stature which makes us stretch our chests and stand tiptoe to attain it, but the manner of its conception and of its presentation. One feels, watching this largess, that the theatre is functioning. The fullness of musical and literary conception, a mag-

nificent orchestra, a conductor and singers who have learned and practised their art under ideal conditions in the best theatres in Europe; we can ask no more of the institution of the theatre than this. For my own part I gave myself up to the acceptance of a work of art.

If my critical senses functioned at all, it was in the matter of the unhesitating acceptance of the Wagnerian tradition of production, which makes the visual presentation of the operas so worrying. Wagner in his day was a theatre reformer of the most drastic kind. Trying to save his work from the sentimentalities and stupidities of the mid-nineteenth-century German stage, he laid down his rules of how to produce it. Since his day most of what he strove for has been reached and surpassed in stage art, and there is no reason other than an unreasonable adherence to the letter of his law why his work should not be presented according to present-day methods. The golden-haired, white-robed Valkyrie, and unconvincing naturalistic sets, and detailed literalness of the whole visual interpretation retards rather than helps the message which the music is conveying. Perhaps we must look to our own British National Opera Company, who are not so under the Wagnerian spell, to give us settings in accordance with the spirit of Wagner's art, in place of this slavish copying of the Bayreuth tradition.

One other hope needs expressing. The work which the Grand Opera Syndicate has been enabled to present to us is the result of years of enthusiastic public support and endowment; it is the result of taking the theatre seriously. We owe it to our own company to give them something like this support before we dare make comparisons. If they as artists have things to learn from this perfectly trained and adequately rehearsed German company, we as public have much more to learn from the public whose devotion has brought this work to its present high standard. Believing that the more good work we have the greater our demand for it will be, I think that the whole cause of opera in London gains from seeing the best well presented, and hope that when the B.N.O.C. start work at His Majesty's early in June, our appreciation of the visiting company will express itself by seeing that our home company receive a like measure of support.

Books

ART.

LANDSCAPE PAINTING. VOL. I. By LEWIS HIND. Chapman and Hall. 25*s*.

THIS volume, dealing with landscape painting from Giotto to Turner, awaits its companion, which is to bring Lewis Hind's study up to the present day, and so lay before us the results of his years of labour in all the great European galleries and collections. Few critics could have been better suited to their task, for Mr. Hind manages to cover an enormous field, and presents his facts and theories in a style which conveys his own human interest and enthusiasm. That, he tells us, is his purpose; and the purist who accuses him of journalese will leave his withers unwrung, for he claims for his book only the revelation of the continuity of landscape painting, and for his readers only the "average man and woman, not the expert." He has a delightful method of grouping the lesser imitative men round the various masters who advanced in vision, in intention, in technique. It is not necessary to agree with all his conclusions, or to accept his values, to find this book, with its well-arranged material, numerous illustrations (unfortunately not in colour), and conscientious indexing, an invaluable guide to the evolution of pure landscape from the background of figure painting where it originated.

THE MODERN WOODCUT. By HERBERT FURST. John Lane. 42*s*.

THIRTY years or so since, the invention of photo-engraving revolutionised book-illustration; and the art of wood-block cutting, which had had a glorious career for five centuries in Europe, gave place before the new invention. Strangely, it was at this point that the creative artists (Ricketts, Pisarro, and other pioneers) commenced to pay attention to xylography for its own sake; and for those thirty years the cult of the woodcut has grown, finding its own forms and specific technique, and claiming the adherence of many of the greatest artists and collectors. As a critic, Herbert Furst has allied himself consistently with this movement. Now he has written an authoritative book, which not only tells the history of woodcut since the 'nineties, but prepares the ground by a conscientious record of its 450 years as an ancillary art to book production. Two virtues of the book reveal themselves at first glance: its catholicity—for it deals with every degree of modernity in many countries—and its wealth of black-and-white and colour illustrations, which number over two hundred. The combination renders the volume encyclopædic; especially if one considers the "How-to-do-it" chapter contributed by W. T. Smith. Furst has thrown a wide net for his material, and has enlivened what at times threatens to become a *catalogue raisonnée* by fascinating excursions into theory. It

has to be recorded, however, that only those with a Job-like patience will discover the position in the book of the pictures referred to in the text, or elucidate the meaning of certain sentences, since Mr. Furst treats mathematical sequence and English syntax with transcendental indifference; but this is small matter for criticism in so good a volume.

DRAMA.

THE FIFTH OF NOVEMBER. By HOWARD PEACEY. Ernest Benn, Ltd. Paper, 3*s.* 6*d.*; cloth, 5*s.*

WHILST the managements of the West-end of London are reviving everything short of *Box and Cox*, and complaining that no plays are being written, Messrs. Benn go steadily forward with their Contemporary Dramatists series to prove the contrary. Howard Peacey is a newcomer to dramatic literature, and this first play, closely woven, full of action, true to its historic background, moving rapidly through its story, is a sound piece of historical-romantic writing. Perhaps its author assumes too readily our knowledge of the motives and machinations behind the Gunpowder Plot (often a pitfall for the writer steeped in his period), but, even so, it stands on its own feet as an eminently actable stage play and certainly a very readable one. The characterisation blurs a little in the minor conspirators, but the principles are skilfully drawn. Anne Vaux, torn between her faith to Church and truth to Catesby; Tresham and Catesby, her lovers; Father Garnet, the Jesuit priest; are live dramatic personalities, and the swift-moving shuttle of the great historic plot wherein their destinies are interwoven spreads for us a drama full of strong situations. Howard Peacey has shown again the wealth of drama which lies in English history.

ESSAYS AND GENERAL LITERATURE.

ESSAYS. By W. B. YEATS. Macmillan. 10*s.* 6*d.* net.

MR. YEATS' prose is delightful, even a little bit too agreeable to one's sense of assonance, for there is the danger of being lulled into a dream state and accepting this Celtic enchanter's conclusions against one's will; but, when pricked wide awake, there is a good deal in his contention that race memories are overlaid by the commercial mind, and that even Shakespeare's self did not escape the "Empire" spirit of his time. Shelley and Blake, on the other hand, were still capable of hearing the fairy voices, which speak to the unspoiled Celt, and allowed the vision to pour through an almost unclouded medium. But the possible ten thousand English speakers who can hear the authentic message (How does Mr. Yeats arrive at this figure?) will welcome these long thoughts of a poet, which are also particularly good reading for the commercialised—a holiday amongst the hills with a friendly, tuneless, free-footed companion. These essays are dated from 1896 to 1917—more than twenty years of one of the most significant minds of our day. Their range of subject is that of a poet who is also an adept and a man of letters; they are critical, elucida-

tory, touched brightly with reminiscence, and full of a glamour that allures. A splendid correction for the commercialised mind of the Saxon, who will particularly delight in their racial quality.

ENGLISH COUNTRY. By E. L. GRANT WATSON. Cape. 7*s.* 6*d.* net.

MR. GRANT WATSON'S striking novels of Australia and the Islands, taken in conjunction with this delightful set of papers on rural England, suggest the return of the exile to the land of his youth, with the inner eye more widely opened, and with vision more alert than generally falls to the lot of nature students. There is a quality almost sad, a sweetness allied to melancholy in his passionate delight in the country sights and sounds, a renewal of the loud thoughts of boyhood deepened to the more sombre quality of the mature mind. To him, all outward things have an inward relation, not as they have in youth to the sensation of wonder and discovery, but one which weaves a pattern more cosmic, more infinite, suggesting revelation of the eternal secret of the human epic. This undertone gives to his intimacies with wild life, and to his patient delight in every natural manifestation, a depth that mere objective observation cannot compass, in charm and significance. The Romney Marsh country and the wild Cornish littoral provide most of this year of English country life, with some wonderful June days in Wicken Fen, and other wild and delightful places. Mr. Grant Watson sees things that only a trained observer and close lover of nature would be able to do, but the commoner sights are equally productive of interest when set down in his transparent prose, whilst all that is seen or heard or experienced gets a touch of sublimation from the depths within the mirror of his eye. *English Country* is a nature story of deep and significant quality.

THE LIFE AND TIMES OF CLEOPATRA. By ARTHUR WEIGALL. Thornton Butterworth. 21*s.* net.

THIS revised edition of Mr. Weigall's *Cleopatra* demonstrates that there is a continual demand for history which is at once scholarly and artistic—the results without the work—in short, an unencumbered story with authorities digested and strained out. Only a high authority, perhaps, dares this delightful and interesting method of contemporising history; one who like Mr. Weigall knows all that there is to be known about his subject. From him we get a much revised idea of Cleopatra, the *petite* lady of Hellenic race, who lived in the centre of the world's arts and sciences, and used her wit and her beauty to protect her kingdom and dynasty from the might of the world-sweeping Roman eagle. Cæsar, a dissipated and elderly eagle, still highly aquiline, succumbed to this Alexandrine dove—a perfectly regular union on her side, as Mr. Weigall is at pains to point out. At Rome Calpurnia was, of course, a difficulty, but it was fear for his popularity rather than domestic embarrassment which fought against the hopes of Cleopatra for Cæsarion —their son. After the Ides of March the irresistible Anthony was her hope, but he, great lover as he was, hesitated to unite Rome and Egypt, and cooled Cleopatra's ardour by continual postponements of

his pledged action, so that at Actium she failed to sacrifice herself, her son, and her hopes by one final heroic gesture. Octavian proved adamantine, and only death remained, after the final touching scene with the dying Anthony. In all this strange, eventful history, the little queen played a great part, with care for Cæsarion and her other children, and fidelity to her threatened country and dynasty always as leading motives. She emerges, in fact, from Mr. Weigall's analysis as a woman of high character and intelligence playing a brave and clever game, and losing through the hard luck of circumstance. Mr. Weigall makes her, her great lovers, and her times live in this most engaging story, and his maps, plans, and sculpture portraits give added zest to a fascinating chapter of ancient history.

GREEN-KIRTLED SPRING. Elkin Mathews. 25*s*.

HANDLING this sumptuously printed, slim, large quarto volume, with its exquisite letterpress and tipped-on illustrations, one involuntarily says *de luxe*. Nor need appreciation end at this, for there is some charming writing in these tributes to the English spring contributed by well-known poets and novelists, and the book would have value if only for the essay by Maurice Hewlett, written a few days before he died. But we are forced to ask, as a matter of social economy, who in these days can afford 25*s*. for so frankly luxurious a volume; and, as a matter of æsthetics, what principle governed the choice of the pieces and pictures included, which seem to have little homogeneity, as though the anthologist cannot distinguish between the beauty of de la Mare and the jingle of Alfred Noyes. One writes the volume down with plovers' eggs and out-of-season strawberries in faint envy of those who can afford such elegance.

FICTION.

LIFTING MIST. By AUSTIN HARRISON. Heinemann. 7*s*. 6*d*. net.

THIS is a curiously arresting novel, something like a fairy tale, and in all probability quite unlike anything its author conceives it to be. One can imagine a lyric poet (and all the best novelists have something of the lyric poet in their composition), set down to produce a novel, turning out a volume like *Lifting Mist*. There is no story in any constructive sense of the term; but charm, emotion, beauty—these you have in plenty; so that to the reader who wishes to be charmed by what, after all, is his author's personality, or to be moved as one is moved by the song of the skylark or thrush, we recommend this book unhesitatingly. In some ways it recalls Gautier's *Mademoiselle de Maupin;* for it is the book either of a very young man or of a man with a curious incapacity for "growing up."

Mr. Harrison might have taken for his motto, "Life without Love is Death." He elaborates this idea, this theory, presenting us with the manifold experiences of a boy whom we meet at the age of twelve and whom we leave on the threshold of life and at the end of his last term at school. An unusual, imaginative boy who chances on an unusual, imaginative girl. These two sing their duets together, just

as two birds might sing in the azure. There are other boys and a schoolmaster or two and the boy's parents and the girl's grandmother and two quite ordinary girls and a good fight on an island and a capital description of a football match; but mainly we watch a boy's reactions to love and sex and beauty.

Now one doubts very much whether the average English boy is very much concerned with these things, or whether adolescence is as crucial an event as Mr. Harrison makes it out to be. But still Mr. Harrison wants it to be important, and insists that it should be important; and maybe he is right. Most probably the gain in spirit would be more than the loss in mental and physical "hardness."

The reader, however, who approaches this book in search of "realism" will be disappointed, for the characters are not photographic. Neither, on the other hand, are they symbols. By some happy alchemy, Mr. Harrison has given us a picture of life which is not life, but which might very well be life, and which, to the right reader, may very well be more real than the most "realistic" fiction. By processes familiar to the student of lyric poetry, he pares away all but the essential and abiding emotions, so that his book is nude rather than naked; and here, if you want the soul of a boy, you have it, undressed, changing, puzzled, and always interesting. One would give much to read a sequel to *Lifting Mist*, and to discover whether Mr. Harrison can deal as profoundly with the big world as he has dealt with the lesser world of the public school.

THE HOME-MAKER. By DOROTHY CANFIELD. Jonathan Cape. 7*s.* 6*d.* net.

DOROTHY CANFIELD finds romance in the shrinking and sensitive side of human relationships—her children are peculiarly authentic, and there is, for her, enough drama in the contact of commonplace minds to engage the imagination. These qualities of insight are used to remarkable effect in her latest book, in which the story of an obscure American family becomes a spiritual epic. Mr. and Mrs. Knapp and their three children are the material from which the home is made by a strange inversion of *rôles*. The tragedy of a sensitive mind held down by business morality, and of nervous children stultified by maternal self-immolation, is wonderfully done. There are striking situations in this story, but it is its penetrating delicacy of perception that gives it distinction.

Conditions in Canada

THE latest reliable information on every phase of industrial and agricultural development in Canada is furnished by the Canadian Pacific Railway, through its Bureau of Canadian Information.

In the Reference Library maintained at the Head European Office of the Canadian Pacific Railway, 62/65, Charing Cross, London, S.W.1, is complete data on natural resources, climate, labour, transportation, business openings, etc., in Canada, which is continually being revised and brought up to date.

No charge or obligation attaches to this service. Business organizations especially are invited to make use of it. For further particulars write or call—

The Canadian Pacific Railway Department of Colonization and Development, 62/65, Charing Cross, London, S.W.1.

FELLOWSHIP OF THE BRITISH EMPIRE EXHIBITION

AT the British Empire Exhibition these days one sees a brave show of the Fellowship Badge. It is obviously serving its purpose in being the means of introduction between citizens of our different nations, Canadians, Africans, Australians and New Zealanders getting into touch with one another by recognising in the wearer of the Badge a fellow enthusiast for the Empire. The Fellowship, with its aim of encouraging by non-political methods a "family feeling" among the peoples of our Commonwealth of Nations, is already more or less consciously shaping towards a policy of two planks: to favour Empire goods as far as possible, and to encourage in citizens of the Empire a feeling of pride in its past and of responsibility for its safe keeping in the future. It is becoming in effect an agency of protest against any slothful stewardship of our great heritage of Empire. The British Empire Exhibition authorities are wisely taking steps to see that Fellows get something more than they bargained for in the way of free entrance to special events such as the Empire Pageant.—*Fellowship of the British Empire Exhibition*, 16, *Grosvenor Gardens, London, S.W.*

Empire Notes

Murray Valley Irrigation

THE Murray River, finding its way to the sea through Victoria, New South Wales, and South Australia, offered an obvious opportunity for the irrigation engineer. But he found himself obstructed by the politicians of three different States. South Australia, Victoria and New South Wales all looked upon the Murray, not as an Australian river, but as their own particular property. There was enough water in the Murray to serve the purposes of all three, but none would allow the Murray to be properly utilised on account of jealousy of the others. When the Federation came at the dawn of this century, it was expected that all this nonsense would have come to an end at once, but that expectation was not realised. The conditions of the Federation had reserved to the different States certain sovereign rights. The tedious negotiations and bickerings which had marked the pre-Federal era had to be renewed. It was not until September, 1914, that the question was solved. There was in the seat of power in Australia then Mr. Joseph Cook (now Sir Joseph Cook, High Commissioner), a man of tough moral fibre and of great practical earnestness. The outbreak of the great European War had brought to most people a sense of reality and of reasonableness. He took advantage of the moment, and, as Prime Minister of Australia, called to-

gether the State Premiers and put it to them seriously that it was a reflection on the commonsense of Australia that this controversy should be allowed to hamper the growth of the continent. Since, with some delays consequent upon the sacrifices Australia was called upon to make for the Great War, the work of utilising the Murray has progressed. A new province for closer settlement has been added to the Empire.

If that province—and other Empire lands in South Africa—can be utilised for supplying the dried and canned fruits needed by the teeming population of the Home Country, it will prosper. If the hope held out by the Imperial Conference is destroyed it will be a grave disappointment.

Lost British Man-Power

At a time when Britain is congested with unemployed and the Dominions are seriously under-populated, it is more than regrettable that the bulk of the emigration from the United Kingdom is directed towards the United States, and that both Canada and South Africa actually seem to be losing more people by emigration than they receive from outside sources. Last year 72,887 persons entered Canada from overseas countries and the United States, but the immigration returns of the American Republic show that 117,011 persons arrived in that country from "British North America" (which includes Newfoundland and the West Indies). Making a liberal deduction for these Colonies, it is fairly certain that there was actually a considerable excess of departures from Canada over arrivals in that Dominion. The wave of prosperity in the United States has, of course, accentuated the southward movement from Canada, which has always been in operation to some extent. Over the period of twelve years from 1912 to 1923 inclusive it would seem that the flow in opposite directions between Canada and her neighbour was just about equal. The net result was that of every two persons who entered Canada in that period from all sources (including the United States) one went to the United States. In the case of South Africa the depression of the past three years and the lack of industrial opportunities for the younger generation—it is said that at present there are

openings for less than half the 60,000 boys who leave school each year—have induced a small but persistent excess of departures over arrivals. When it is recalled that the native population, which already outnumbers the whites by three to one, is growing at a much more rapid proportionate rate the seriousness of the situation is readily apparent. The present position in regard to making the best use of the British man-power in the development of our Imperial estate is deplorable, and emphasises the urgent need of a constructive migration and settlement policy which will arrest the flow of our human capital to the United States by diverting the stream to the Dominions and utilising it to develop their vast empty spaces, at the same time enlarging what are by far the most valuable markets for our manufactures.

India

Protection in India

DURING the session of the Indian Legislative Assembly which has just begun, proposals are to be introduced to give effect to the recommendations of the Indian Tariff Board regarding protection for the Indian steel industry. There is little doubt that these proposals will be duly passed, and India is, therefore, about to take the first steps in what will probably prove to be a progressive transformation of her present revenue tariff into a comprehensive instrument of protection for Indian industries. Such a course is in harmony with the nationalist spirit which dominates the vocal section of Indian opinion to-day, and is the logical outcome of the new system of government inaugurated by the "Reforms" of 1919. *Ad valorem* duties ranging up to 25 per cent., with high specific duties in the case of certain steel products, were recommended by the Tariff Board, the object aimed at being to secure to the Indian steel manufacturer an average selling price of £12 per ton. It is too early to attempt to estimate the extent to which British exports of steel to India—which is, of course, Britain's best market—will be diminished by the protection that is to be accorded to Indian steelworks, but it is certain that the effect will be felt increasingly as the years pass. The consequences to other Indian industries may also be

important, and the Bengal Chamber of Commerce has expressed the view that protection for steel would be most detrimental to the coal, jute and tea industries. The Tariff Board, however, came to the conclusion that no one industry was likely to be saddled with an unduly heavy burden. One result of the adoption of the Tariff Board's recommendations may be to provoke agitation in Burma—which has no steel industry and little likelihood of developing one, but needs considerable quantities of steel products—for the separation of that country from India.

South Africa

South African Election

It would be rash to attempt to forecast with any confidence the result of the South African general election which is to be held on June 17th. On the one hand the widespread desire for change that is bound to exist when a Government has been in power for many years, reinforced by the unpopularity due to a period of depression and severe retrenchment in the public services, militates strongly against the return of the Smuts Administration. Against these influences must be set the reaction on the part of all the moderate elements, both Dutch and British, that will be provoked by the prospect of a Nationalist Government or a Nationalist-Labour coalition. Many discontented electors who were willing to register their dissatisfaction by voting for Nationalist or Labour candidates at by-elections may hesitate to do so if the consequence is to be a Hertzog Administration. It may, however, be felt by them that the Labour Party would be strong enough to act as an effective brake on the secessionist and republican tendencies of the Nationalists, while the latter are hardly likely to travel very far along the path favoured by members holding Socialistic opinions. Yet, unnatural as the Nationalist-Labour pact is—its cement is almost entirely composed of hostility to the present Government—it might survive long enough in office to do great damage to the economic position of South Africa, and particularly to the mining industry. Constitutionalists throughout the Empire will unite in hoping that the people of the Union will once again decide to entrust their destinies to the hands of the

well-tried statesman who is one of the outstanding figures in the world to-day. General Smuts is a hard fighter who will not accept defeat without a strenuous struggle, and he has produced an election programme that should prove attractive to both town and country voters. Whether it will suffice to offset the tendencies previously referred to, only the event can show, but the South African Party appears to be rather less pessimistic than it was when the decision to dissolve Parliament was announced.

Ceylon

THE year 1923 was for Ceylon a period of exceptional prosperity. That the prosperity of her colonies benefits the Mother Country is proved by the recently issued Treasury Minute in respect of Ceylon's contributions of £2,000,000 towards the cost of the war, of which sum £1,500,000 has already been paid in instalments. Ceylon has now generously offered to place at the immediate disposal of the British Exchequer three instalments of £100,000 each, of which two would not have been available, according to schedule, until the financial year 1924-25.

Ceylon's Trade Prosperity

For the eleven months ended November 30th, 1923, the aggregate value of Ceylon's merchandise trade is placed at over £38,000,000, as against £34,000,000 for the corresponding period in 1922. The total figures for 1923 should easily pass £40,000,000, taking the rupee at the low rate of 1*s.* 4*d.*

Ceylon's £30,000 pavilion at the Wembley Exhibition will alter the ideas of many people who have hitherto regarded our premier crown colony as an insignificant tiny pear-shaped island off the Indian coast, where

> Every prospect pleases
> And only man is vile.

Ignoring Bishop Heber's unfortunate description, the Wembley searcher after knowledge will, on making inquiries, discover two facts that will probably surprise him. The first is that Ceylon is very nearly the size of Ireland; and the second that it is a separate political entity, possessing its own constitution, Legislative Council, and

Governor. It is, therefore, extremely galling for a Ceylon resident who, *pace* Bishop Heber, is no viler than any other inhabitant of a tropical country, to receive letters addressed to "Ceylon, India."

Ceylon's New Constitution.

Although so close to India, Ceylon has hitherto been but little troubled by the Swaraj movement, and this political stability is reflected in her very satisfactory financial condition and trade prosperity. Nevertheless, political affairs in Ceylon are, as in other parts of the Empire, somewhat in the melting-pot. A new Constitution has just been granted, and henceforth the Legislative Council will number 49 members, of whom 37 will be unofficial; 34 of these 37 will be Ceylonese, of whom 31 will be elected members. Thus a considerable preponderance has been given to the unofficial element, and, in addition to this all-important concession to the aspirations of a certain section of the Ceylonese for self-government, they have the right to elect a Vice-President who will ordinarily preside in the Legislative Council. Under the old Constitution the unofficials numbered only 23; and there were two more official members than will sit in the reformed chamber, the elections for which are now pending. It will thus be seen that the political interests of the people of the island have been allowed to develop to a remarkable degree—especially when compared with the Constitution of the Dutch Indies, where there is a Council of 48 members, of whom 24 are nominated and 24 elected—not by the people, but by District and Urban Councils throughout the island, of which bodies half the members are themselves nominated!

The spokesmen for a large section of the Ceylonese took great exception to the principle of communal representation embodied in the reforms—the Tamils, Mahommedans, Burghers, and other communities being separately represented in Council. The Colonial Office view is that so long as the several communities in Ceylon remain convinced, as they appear to be, of the divergency of their interests in many important matters, so long must some provision be made for the maintenance of communal representation in the Legislative Council.

EMPIRE NOTES

Definition of a "Native of India."

A curious controversy is now raging in Ceylon over the interpretation of the expression "native of India" in the recent Order in Council which legislates for the reformed constitution of the island. A candidate for the Indian seat in the new Legislative Council has been rendered ineligible for candidature because he was born in Ceylon, despite the fact that he is of Indian parents, has property in India, is vice-president of the local Indian Association, and is a member of the Indian Club. Furthermore, he was one of the Indian delegates who formed a deputation to the Governor of Madras some time ago! The Order in Council defined the term "Indian" as "any person who is a native of British India or of the territories of any native prince under the suzerainty of His Majesty exercised through the Governor-General of India . . . and is a resident of Ceylon, but is not domiciled therein."

The importance of the decision—which may yet be reconsidered—is that if it is to be generally applied it will disfranchise a number of Indian people in Ceylon whom the framers of the clause undoubtedly intended to have the benefit of the vote!

The Dominions and Foreign Affairs

By Clement Jones, C.B.

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THE object of this article is to show in brief outline the part that has been played by the Dominions in foreign affairs up to now. In tracing the story of this development of Dominion status, I propose to divide the story into four stages :—

1. The Colonial and Imperial Conferences held in London before the war.
2. The Imperial Cabinets held during the war.
3. The British Empire delegation during the Peace Conference in Paris.
4. The meetings of British and Dominion statesmen since the war, both at the Washington Conference and in London.

Of these four stages, perhaps the first—that of the old Colonial Conferences—may be regarded as the least important, because it was then that the pace of development was the slowest, while the third—that of the British Empire Delegation in Paris—may be considered the most worthy of study because it was here that the greatest progress was made. Development took place rapidly and easily in the forcing-house of the Paris Peace Conference. The Hotel Majestic was the orchid-house of Dominion status.

Taking the four stages of development *seriatim*, we come first to the Colonial Conferences.

THE COLONIAL AND IMPERIAL CONFERENCES BEFORE THE WAR

The first Colonial Conference was held in 1887. Prior to that date the Colonies had enjoyed, first, municipal

self-government, later, provincial responsible self-government, and then a national status, with provinces federated into Dominions. After 1887, as we shall see, the Dominions claimed an increasing control over their external relations, first commercial and then diplomatic. In other words, national status led on, as it always does, to international status.

In the Early Victorian age, however, the Colonies had to be content with self-government. It was their time of youth. It is the same with all of us. In our childhood we were told to "mind our own business." Later on, as we grew up, we were allowed a voice in our family affairs. Self-government, as I see it, is "minding one's own business," while international status is "having a voice in other people's affairs." The latter is a more interesting occupation than the former. As the Dominions grew from youth to riper years they naturally earned and claimed and were given the fuller status.

But even the Colonial Conferences after 1887 at first produced but little development in the growth of international status. If we read the Blue Books of those days and contrast the results there recorded with the later events of 1917 and 1919 we are struck by the slowness of the advance in old Colonial Conferences.

To go no further back than 1902, and study a Blue Book called *The Resolutions and Results of the Colonial Conference of* 1902, we see how little was achieved. In 1902 the Colonies, as they were then called, were asking to be heard in advance before they were committed by the British Government to treaties with foreign Powers, and were being told in reply that on such subjects as, for instance, conventions in regard to the property of deceased persons, His Majesty's Government would be glad to listen and act "as far as they could." Now mark the contrast with later events. In 1919 the representatives of the Dominions and India took a hand themselves in making and signing the Treaty of Versailles. That is the measure of advance during those seventeen years.

At the Colonial Conference of 1902 a resolution was passed that it would be to the advantage of the Empire if Conferences were held at intervals not exceeding four years. Nevertheless, five years elapsed before the next

Conference was held. This Conference of 1907 was the last Conference to be called Colonial.

The first Imperial Conference, over which Mr. Asquith presided, was held in May and June, 1911. During that year an important link in the chain that extends from the Colonial Conference of 1887 to the British Empire Delegation of 1919, and connects the two, was forged, when it was resolved to invite representatives of the Dominions to attend meetings of the Committee of Imperial Defence. It was particularly important because it was the machinery of the Committee of Imperial Defence that was afterwards adjusted to meet the needs first of making war and later of making peace.

Dominion representatives had attended a meeting of the Committee of Imperial Defence in August, 1909, but it was not until May, 1911, at the time of the Imperial Conference, that there was anything like a "full-dress" gathering of Dominion Ministers. In 1911 three of these meetings were held, and were attended by the Prime Ministers of all the Dominions. At the first meeting Sir Edward Grey (as he then was) made a comprehensive statement in regard to the foreign policy of the British Empire, and reviewed the foreign situation in all parts of the world. At the very beginning of his speech he laid particular stress on the importance of the Dominions being consulted on matters of foreign policy, which was a new step in the constitutional development of the British Empire. At the second of these meetings, Mr. McKenna, who was then First Lord of the Admiralty, made a statement in regard to co-operation between the naval forces of the United Kingdom and the Dominions, while at the third meeting Lord Haldane, Secretary of State for War, dealt with the question of co-operation of the military forces of the Empire.

Thus, even before the war, some progress had been made in the development of Dominion status in relation to foreign affairs. The stage of "information and consultation" had been reached. With the war came the next stage, namely, a share in executive power. First, during the war in the Imperial War Cabinets and afterwards in the British Empire Delegation in Paris, we find the Dominion representatives participating directly, first in the prosecution of war and later in making the Peace Treaty.

The Imperial War Cabinets of 1917 and 1918.

The inauguration of the Imperial War Cabinet was one of the first acts of the new Government which came into power in December, 1916.

On December 19th, in his first speech in the House of Commons as Prime Minister, Mr. Lloyd George said :—

> Now I come to the question of the Dominions. Ministers have repeatedly acknowledged the splendid assistance which the Dominions have given of their own free will to the Old Country in its Championship of the cause of humanity. I introduce the subject now because I want to say that we feel the time has come when the Dominions ought to be more formally consulted as to the progress of the War, as to the steps that ought to be taken to secure victory, and as to the best method of garnering in those fruits.

Forthwith, a telegram was sent by the Government inviting the Dominion Prime Ministers not to an ordinary Imperial Conference, but to a special War Conference of the Empire in the following terms :—

> They therefore invite your Prime Minister to attend a series of special and continuous meetings of the War Cabinet in order to consider urgent questions affecting the prosecution of the War, the possible conditions on which, in agreement with our Allies, we could assent to its termination, and the problems which will then immediately arise.

The words employed in this telegram make it clear that here was another step forward in the constitutional development of the Empire. The Dominions were invited to discuss peace terms. Here, then, was the origin of the British Empire Delegation which was later to take part in the Paris Peace Conference.

Between March and May, 1917, the Imperial War Cabinet held fourteen meetings. Its work was reviewed by Sir Robert Borden in a speech in which he declared that with the constitution of the Imperial War Cabinet a new era had dawned and a new page of history had been written. In the following year, 1918, the representatives of the Dominions and India again assembled in London in order to attend the second session of the Imperial War Cabinet. During this second session an important change was made in the channels of communication between the Dominions and the United Kingdom. It was decided that the Dominion Prime Ministers, instead of communicating with Downing Street, as previously, through the Governors-General and the Colonial Office,

should, as members of the Imperial War Cabinet, have the right of direct communication with the Prime Minister on questions of Cabinet importance. Towards the end of the summer of 1918 this session of the Imperial War Cabinet came to an end, and most of the representatives of the Dominions returned to their homes. In the autumn, as soon as the collapse of the Central Powers set in, the Dominion Prime Ministers were warned to be in readiness to come once again to London in order to take part in the discussion between the Allies as to the peace settlement.

The British Empire Delegation in Paris.

On January 11th, 1919, just two months after the Armistice, the British Empire Delegation, which had assembled in London, moved to Paris, and on the following day the opening scene of the Great Peace Congress took place. The very first question to be examined was that of representation and the number of plenipotentiaries.

The question of the representation of the Dominions was a difficult matter to settle. The status of the Dominions was not well understood by foreign Powers, and it was hard for them to appreciate the British argument that each of the Dominions ought to have ample and separate representation, like Belgium and Portugal. Foreign minds naturally argued that Great Britain had full representation as a Great Power and that, consequently, the Dominions would be supported by five representatives in the most powerful section of the Conference.

The British and Dominion delegates, however, continued to urge the importance of the principle of separate representation of the Dominions, and their claims were pressed by the British Prime Minister in the Council of Ten, which consisted of the heads of the five Great Powers and their Foreign Ministers. The struggle for separate representation for the Dominions and India was short, but it was decisive. At the outset, under the proposal of a foreign Power that did not properly understand the peculiar status of the Dominions, the British Empire was to be allotted a total of five plenipotentiaries. On January 13th the number was fixed at fourteen, and when on June 28th the final scene took place in the Galerie des Glaces

at Versailles, fourteen representatives of the British Empire put their names to the Treaty of Peace with Germany.

In this review of the Paris Peace Conference, in order to get a clear picture of the Dominions at Paris, it is necessary, I think, to consider, however briefly, two points. First, the general procedure of the whole Conference, and, secondly, the part which the Dominions took in the work.

As regards procedure, the main problems with which the Conference was confronted were examined in the first instance by Inter-Allied Commissions, appointed by the main Conference in Plenary Session. These Commissions, after completing their examination, drew up reports. The reports were then considered and the questions decided by the Council of Four. These reports and decisions were then adopted in Plenary Session.

In some accounts of the Peace Conference the impression has been left that the Dominions were insufficiently informed in regard to the framing of the Peace Treaty and were inadequately represented on the various Inter-Allied Commissions. Nothing could be further from the truth. The Dominions were kept in close touch with the Council of Four by the British Prime Minister. Throughout the framing of the Treaty the Prime Minister again and again explained to the British Empire Delegation the views of the different members of the Big Four, and, on the other hand, again and again gave the Big Four the views of the British Empire Delegation.

As to the Inter-Allied Commissions, the Dominions were represented on all the most important ones. All the reports of all the Commissions were circulated to the members of the Empire Delegation, and these reports were discussed at their meetings. In this way the whole of the Treaty, while it was in the making, came before the Dominions. Among the many questions that came before them perhaps the one in which they were most closely concerned was the question of mandates. There was also, of course, the important guarantee given to France by the British Empire and the United States, but as this guarantee failed subsequently to receive ratification in the United States, we need not consider it here.

As regards the question of mandates, the Dominions

played a leading part in the discussions. On this subject the Dominion Prime Ministers were called into consultation by the heads of the Five Great Powers in the Council of Ten. The future of the German Colonies which had been captured by Australia, New Zealand, and South Africa was naturally a problem of vital importance to the Ministers representing those Dominions.

After the principle had been adopted that the Colonies should not be restored to Germany, the next question was to decide how those territories should be treated. There were two alternatives. There was the system of mandates on the one hand, and annexation on the other. In this question Canada was not directly concerned, because she had no territorial claims to advance. With Australia, New Zealand, and South Africa, however, the case was different. Each of these Dominions, in the interests of security, in the interests of the Dominions and of the territories themselves, were at first in favour of direct control. In the Council of Ten, however, there was strong opposition to the proposal of handing over any of the territories to any of the Dominions. One of the catch-phrases of the day was "No annexations." It was a popular cry, and the United States Delegation, in particular, were opposed to annexations of any kind.

So for some days the controversy of Annexations *v.* Mandates continued. But, as had happened before and has happened since, just when deadlock seemed complete the spirit of compromise and common sense came to the rescue. Largely owing to the efforts of a committee composed of Dominion Prime Ministers—Mr. Hughes, General Botha, and Mr. Massey—a way out of the deadlock was found in the form of a draft resolution which made the mandatory system acceptable to all concerned. The terms of the resolution are now well known. The future of the territories taken from the German and Turkish Empires was to be dealt with on the principle of trusteeship vested in the League of Nations.

If further evidence were wanted in regard to the participation of the Dominions in the Peace negotiations at Paris, it can be found in a valuable paper written by Mr. L. C. Christie, himself a member of the British Empire Delegation and an eye-witness of the Peace making.

"The Dominions," he writes, "were prominently represented on the various Commissions of the Peace Conference, and at times the Prime Ministers attended the Council of Ten; while in addition the Prime Minister of Canada on a number of occasions took part in the work of the Council of Four and the Council of Five. More than that, every Commission report, every aspect, every section of the conditions of Peace, was first considered in meetings of the British Empire Delegation (whose *personnel* was the same as that of the Imperial War Cabinet) before the assent of the British Empire was given. The Dominion participation in the making of Peace has been substantial indeed."

After the signing of the Treaty at Versailles in June, 1919, the members of the Empire Delegation left Paris and returned to their homes. It was not until two years later that representatives of the Dominions reassembled in London for the Imperial Conference of 1921.

The Washington Conference and After

The Imperial Conference, which was held during the summer of 1921, played a most important part in the events leading up to the Washington Conference. The story of this may be read in the White Paper*, in which the proceedings of that Conference were summarised. The discussion on the foreign policy of the British Empire was opened by Lord Curzon, the Foreign Secretary, whose statement was supplemented by Mr. Churchill, the Colonial Secretary, who dealt with the special problems of the Middle East. There followed a series of important discussions which were largely conversational in form without formality of any kind. The objects in view were threefold: first, that the members of the Conference should all "pool" their ideas and thus gain a thorough understanding of each other's point of view; second, that by this means the principal questions of foreign policy should be examined; and third, that there should be a full discussion of the general aims and methods to be pursued.

In accordance with precedent created by the Imperial War Cabinets of 1917 and 1918 and by the British Empire

* Cmd. 1474, pp. 3-5.

Delegation in 1919, the Prime Ministers of the Dominions and the representatives of India were invited to meetings with members of the British Cabinet called to deal with Imperial and foreign questions of immediate urgency.

Among these questions were the problems of the Pacific and the Far East, together with the Anglo-Japanese agreement; and President Harding's invitation to a Conference on Disarmament was warmly welcomed by all members of the Imperial Conference. An account of these deliberations was given by the Prime Minister in a statement made in the House of Commons on July 11th, in the course of which he said that all the representatives of the Empire had agreed that our standpoint on these questions should be communicated with complete frankness to the United States, Japan, and China, with the object of securing an exchange of views which might lead to more formal discussion. Accordingly the Foreign Secretary held conversations with the American and Japanese Ambassadors and the Chinese Minister, in which he asked for the views of their respective Governments.

The result is now well known. Mr. Harding, the President of the United States, took the momentous step of inviting the Powers to a Conference on the limitation of armaments, to be held in Washington, and also suggested a preliminary meeting on Pacific and Far Eastern Questions.

As regards the preliminary meeting, the Imperial Conference devoted many hours to the examination of the question how an understanding on Pacific problems could best be arrived at, where the proposed conversations could best be held, and in what manner the representatives of the British Dominions could most easily participate in them.

It was difficult for the Dominion Prime Ministers, owing to the exigencies of time and space, to attend at Washington in the late autumn. It was, therefore, suggested that the preliminary consultations should be held in London.

It transpired, however, that there had been some misunderstanding as to the nature of the preliminary conversations, and therefore the British Government, in

the earnest desire to meet American views and to remove any possible misconception, volunteered to attend a meeting on the other side of the Atlantic at which the agenda of the forthcoming Washington Conference could be discussed in order to facilitate the work of the main Conference later on. The British Prime Minister and Foreign Secretary, together with the Dominion Prime Ministers, were prepared to attend such a preliminary meeting, if invited to do so by the American Government. The American Government, however, did not favour the idea, which was accordingly dropped, to the utmost regret of the members of the Imperial Conference.

The work of investigation of Pacific and Far Eastern questions which had been carried on by the Imperial Conference, so far from being wasted, was of the greatest value in the autumn of that year, when the Washington Conference assembled.

As regards the *personnel* of the British Empire Delegation at Washington, while it is true that there were no Prime Ministers present, as there had been two years previously in Paris, nevertheless the team was a strong one. For the British Empire the Plenipotentiary Delegates were Mr. Balfour (as he then was), Lord Lee (the First Lord of the Admiralty), and Sir Auckland Geddes (British Ambassador to the United States); *Canada*, Sir Robert Borden; *Australia*, Senator Pearce; *New Zealand*, Sir John Salmond; *India*, Mr. Sastri, member of the Indian Council of State. With regard to South Africa, General Smuts decided not to send a representative, but Mr. Balfour acted as representative for South Africa and signed for that Dominion.

The British Empire Delegation was served, as it had been in Paris, by a single joint Secretariat, which included a Secretary for each Dominion and for India appointed by their respective Governments. The Secretary-General to the British Delegation was Sir Maurice Hankey. It is of interest from the constitutional point of view that, on the recall of Sir Maurice to Great Britain shortly before the end of the Washington Conference, his duties as Secretary-General to the Delegation were taken over not by an Englishman, but by a Canadian, Mr. Loring Christie, who had been acting as Secretary to the Canadian

Delegation. This appointment was an innovation in the constitutional machinery of the British Empire.

As regards documents and materials to be studied by anyone who wants to learn about the proceedings of the Washington Conference, there are: (1) a small White Paper prepared by the Foreign Office, merely reproducing the various treaties arrived at; (2) the very voluminous proceedings published by the American Government; (3) a Canadian Blue Book, being the Report of the Canadian Delegate, Sir Robert Borden; (4) a Report by the Delegate for New Zealand, Sir John Salmond.

Of the procedure and arrangement of work it may be said briefly that there were two main Committees at Washington:—

(1) The Committee on Limitation of Armaments.

(2) The Committee on Pacific and Far Eastern Questions.

In addition there were Sub-Committees to work out points of detail. But the work of the Conference was not confined to formal proceedings. There were informal Conversations from which flowed some of the most fruitful results of the Conference. The conclusions and resolutions reached in Committee were reported from time to time to the Conference in Plenary Session for formal adoption.

With the work of all these bodies the Dominions were prominently associated. All the British Empire Delegates took part in the meetings of the two main Committees of the Conference and in the Plenary Sessions; while in the Sub-Committees, whose *personnel* was always limited to one from each Power, a Dominion Delegate was frequently designated to represent the British Empire. "In the internal economy of the British Empire Delegation the design and effect were to reconcile the principle of diplomatic unity in the Empire's international relations with the principle of co-ordinate autonomy for each self-governing nation." * To put the thing in a nut-shell, it is enough to say that the British Empire Delegation at Washington was run on precisely the same lines as at Paris. It was arranged that Dominion Delegates should represent the British Empire on Committees, and, whenever possible, a Dominion Secretary was added as British

* Sir R. Borden's Report, p. 44.

Secretary. All documents, whether of the Conference or of the Delegation, were distributed to the whole British Empire Delegation, in accordance with the practice at Paris.

Comparing the Washington Conference with the Peace Congress at Paris, it may perhaps be said that the players and the stage at Washington did not have the brilliant and important aspects that Paris had, but at the same time it should not be forgotten that Washington afforded a practical example—perhaps the first example—of American initiative in co-operation on world issues.

In general the Washington Conference may be regarded as being fully as important as the Paris one on the particular aspect of "the Dominions and Foreign Affairs." In some ways it was even more illuminating, because there were at Washington two elements that stood out more strongly than in Paris, and they have a natural connection: (1) Dominion initiative; (2) direct and vital Dominion interest in the issues.

As regards the Dominion initiative, it is impossible to trace it completely because some of the material has not been published, and probably never will be. Suffice it to say that one Dominion Government took an initiative with regard to the Anglo-Japanese Alliance long before the Conference of 1921. That question became the most important one before the Imperial Conference, and, as we have seen, resulted in the Communications to Washington.

It should be recalled how before that Conference there had developed in America the movement looking to a Conference to limit armaments. The pressure had become so great that in the spring of 1921 the Senate passed unanimously a resolution calling on the President to summon such a Conference. The President, however, seems to have been doubtful and let it drop. But when in July the Imperial Conference proposed to Washington that there should be a Conference on the Pacific and Far Eastern questions (including the question of substituting something for the Anglo-Japanese Alliance), the American Government saw its chance and finally proposed to call a double-barrelled Conference, linking the limitation of armaments question with the other questions of policy.

Thus the Conference was summoned as the result of different ideas working independently in different parts of the Empire and in America, and these ideas were all brought into a fortunate conjunction largely through the instrumentality of the Imperial Conference. The Dominion initiative was therefore considerable in bringing about the Washington Conference.

Two years later, at the Imperial Conference of 1923, the Prime Minister (Mr. Stanley Baldwin) in his opening speech * referred to the results of the Washington Conference, and added:—

> I think we may justifiably claim that these results, which are not only a real benefit but also contain a promise in the future for the whole Empire, are in no small measure due, first, to the last Imperial Conference, which was so largely concerned in initiating the Washington Conference, and, second, to the British Empire Delegation which co-operated so successfully with the United States and other Governments in bringing it to fruition.

General Smuts at the same meeting said †:—

> You were right, Prime Minister, in pointing out what was achieved with regard to the Washington Conference. There is no doubt that the inception of the Washington Conference was brought about in this chamber.‡ It originated here in our deliberations, and owing to the subsequent great initiative of the Government of the United States.

As regards the direct and vital Dominion interest in the issues at Washington, it may be said that at Paris for the most part the issues, while of general interest to the Dominions, were not of particular interest to them. Such questions, for instance, as those of the frontiers of Poland and Czecho-Slovakia were not of vital interest to the Dominions. At Washington, on the other hand, there were issues of direct, vital and immediate concern to the Pacific Dominions (Canada, Australia and New Zealand), as well as to Great Britain, and these problems appeared in a different light to each member of the Empire. The Japanese question, for example, appeared in one way to Canada, in another to Australia and New Zealand, and still another to Great Britain, in quite another to South Africa. Similarly the naval question, whose solution de-

* Published in Cmd. 1988, p. 7.
† Cmd. 1988, p. 15.
‡ The Cabinet Room at 10, Downing Street.

pended on the solution of the Alliance question, appeared differently to each.

The issues, then, at Washington, were of vital interest to the Dominions, and the contribution made by the Dominions to the policies that were framed were correspondingly important and significant.

After Washington, Genoa. In theory the British Empire Delegation was carried on along the same lines at Genoa. In practice, however, I am told that it worked rather differently. The proceedings were less formal than at Paris and Washington. Moreover, the Dominions were mainly represented by High Commissioners, and had only a very small staff. Nevertheless, the principle of the British Empire Delegation was maintained at Genoa, and there was always the closest consultation between the British and the Dominion and Indian representatives.

So much for the chain of events and Conferences in which the British Empire Delegation took part.

I pass now to consider the position of the Dominions in the League of Nations, for no review of the Dominions and foreign policy would be complete without mentioning that subject. In the space at our disposal, however, it is not possible to do more than allude briefly to the status of the Dominions at Geneva. In the first place, it must be remembered that a Dominion representative, General Smuts, was one of the members of the Inter-Allied Commission at the Paris Peace Conference who drew up the Covenant of the League of Nations. Under that Covenant each Dominion was admitted to the League of Nations as an independent member, with its own vote in the Assembly of the League and its own voice on the multitudinous international affairs with which the League was authorised to deal.

The position of the Dominions in the League is therefore different from their position in the British Empire Delegation. The position was stated by Sir John Salmond, the New Zealand delegate at Washington, in his report, to which I have already referred, in the following terms:—

> The position of the Dominions at Washington was essentially different from the position which they occupy at an Assembly of the League of Nations. By the special and peculiar organisation of that body, self-governing Colonies are admitted as Members in their own right as if they

were independent States. Although by Constitutional and International Law such Colonies are merely constituent portions of the Empire to which they belong, they are entitled by express agreement to be treated, so far as practicable, as if they were independent.

At Geneva it has been by no means uncommon for the component parts of the British Empire to find themselves divided into two camps on particular questions—a development which puzzles foreigners beyond belief. Small wonder that they are puzzled! But the people at Geneva to-day are not the first to be mystified by the Constitution of the British Empire. De Tocqueville, the French historian, is reported to have said that he had searched for the British Constitution for many years and had come to the conclusion that no such thing existed. But, after all, does it matter very much if our peculiar Constitution cannot be exactly defined by ourselves or understood by other countries?

Is not co-operation among the members of the British Empire more important than a written Constitution?

As to this question of a Constitution, there are two main schools of thought. There are those who desire Federalism and those who prefer the existing system of co-operation by means of Conferences and consultation which we have already examined. The Federalist wishes to place foreign affairs in the charge of a Parliament responsible to the Commonwealth as a whole. He would separate domestic matters from foreign affairs, he would leave local problems to Dominion Parliaments and submit questions of Imperial policy to a single united Parliament of the whole Empire; he would give this united Parliament authority to tax citizens of the Empire everywhere for the expenses of Imperial policy.

Both the advocates of Federalism and Co-operation agree upon the need for a free interchange of views on Imperial policy. On this subject Professor Pollard has written *:—

It is a bond of union between the Federalist and Co-operator that either policy must be based upon consent, both here and in the Dominions, and upon a public opinion which cannot be dictated, but can only grow from discussions. If we and the Dominions can think alike and feel alike, as

* In a paper read at a meeting of the British Institute of International Affairs in May, 1921.

we did in the war, upon questions of foreign policy, then we can act alike; and if we act alike time after time upon clear and consistent principles, we shall develop the habit of co-operation; and out of the habit of co-operation alone can grow those customs and conventions in which, in the fullness of time, might be laid the foundations of an Imperial Constitution. We go about seeking an Imperial Constitution as men of old went about seeking a visible Kingdom of God. It can only be found within us, and it can only come to light as the outward sign of an inward grace made manifest to the world.

It is the settlement of the principles of our Imperial foreign policy, which seems to me to be the real *desideratum*—so far more important than the question of erecting an Imperial administrative machine. At a recent discussion on this subject I heard a speaker declare that "Our Empire is now a Federation, and what we want is the machinery to run it." A fairly rash declaration, for the truth is that the Empire is *not* a Federation, and we have already got the machinery for running our Imperial consultations. The blue prints of that machinery are all in the cupboards of the Cabinet offices at 2, Whitehall Gardens; the *personnel* to work the machinery is there; there, too, are all the records and reports and statistics, and even the operating costs of the machine when it was in use in London and Paris and Washington. The Secretary to the Cabinet has only to pull a lever and the engine will start running again. To suggest, as has been suggested, that a new permanent Dominion secretariat should be set up in London, "to serve as a link between Imperial and international Conferences," is, in my opinion, to suggest what is not required. The life of those who worked in such a secretariat would be a drama of pretended activities. In any case, the creation of such a body seems to me to be primarily a question for the Dominions themselves to decide, and up to now there has been no united pressure in that direction.

Assuming that Imperial Conferences are held once in two years, and that the principles of our foreign policy are settled, as far as they can be, at those consultations, it follows that in the intervals between Conferences a great deal of the attention of the Governments of the different parts of the Empire must be devoted to purely local matters—devoted to that much-abused structure the parish pump. We may think, perhaps, that New Zealand

is too much absorbed in some scheme for electric power; or that Canada is engrossed in some project for new railway development, to the exclusion of thinking about foreign affairs. But are we in Britain one whit better? A Canadian on opening the *Manchester Guardian* might find a fever of excitement about the Salford drains; or a New Zealander reading *The Times* might suppose that we cared only for the Poplar rates.

These parish pumps, like the poor, are ever with us. That cannot be helped. The great thing is not to bring them with us, under our arms as it were, to Imperial consultations. Surely the great danger to the Empire is lest each of the component parts of the Empire should think exclusively of itself and not of the Empire as a whole. If Britain, for instance, regards foreign policy merely in the light of British interests, if Canada or any other Dominion thinks only of herself, then we shall never arrive at any sound settlement of the principles of an Imperial policy, but instead we shall run grave risks of dismembering our Empire. In a word, the essential spirit in which Imperial problems should be faced is the spirit of Imperial teamwork.

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